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The Nation.

May 18, 1985 $1.25; U.K. 65p

EDITORIAL

A POLITICAL EMBARGO

Looking back over the course of the national debate about aid to the *contras*—a brief season that passes for history in these hypermediated times—President Reagan's economic boycott seems both logical and preordained. His request for $14 million to wage war against the Sandinista revolution was not a symbolic gesture, as some suggested, but one tactic in a campaign to crush independence in Central America and to change the political climate in the United States. Economic sanctions represent an extension of that campaign.

Nicaraguan President Daniel Ortega's flight to Moscow, after the Congressional vote was tallied, did not provoke the economic strictures, even though the Administration used the trip as an excuse for action. It did provoke Reagan, however, precisely because it expressed the independence and opposition that the American offensive is designed to squelch. Nicaragua is fighting not only for its life but for its right to be free to make decisions based on its own needs, instead of the imperious demands of the White House or the self-interested sensibilities of Congressional Democrats. House Speaker Tip O'Neill said that Ortega "embarrassed us" by going to the Soviet Union, but Nicaragua owes the House majority nothing. To feed that liberal beast is to schedule another bad banquet down the line.

At noon last Tuesday, at the hour the sanctions took effect, a peaceful confrontation between the Americas was taking place in New York City. The Diálogo de Todas las Americas, sponsored by The Nation Institute and several other groups, began a four-day cultural exchange with representatives of fourteen countries, from Chile to Canada. It was not front-page news, but it offered material for a longer, richer history—one of independence and equality.

'THE SIXTIES' ARE BACK
Todd Gitlin

THE MURDER OF HENRY LIU
[illegible]rick Smith

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LETTER FROM NORTH CAROLINA
Katherine Fulton

RANDALL JARRELL
J.D. McClatchy

DELMORE SCHWARTZ
Maria Margaronis

'80s JAZZ
Evan Eisenberg

VISIT TO TURKEY

DINNER WITH THE AMBASSADOR

ARTHUR MILLER

In March, Harold Pinter and I went to Turkey for a week on behalf of the International PEN Club. We made the visit not primarily to conduct an investigation of human rights—an impossibility in so short a stay—but to demonstrate to the country's writers and artists and to its political prisoners that the outside world cares about what is happening to them. It was to be an act of moral solidarity by the members of International PEN, and we hoped it might also have an effect on the country's military government.

We had wanted to talk to people of all political views, including Prime Minister Turgut Ozal and the Martial Law Commander of Istanbul, Gen. Necit Torumtay. The Prime Minister was in Saudi Arabia, however, and the commander declined to see us, saying that the government is now controlled by Parliament—nonsense, since the military runs the country. We did meet with publishers and editors of conservative newspapers, who more or less support the regime. All of them, however, said that under censorship the truth about tcuchy issues could not be printed. We also attended the trial of a lawyer who had defended the Turkish Peace Association, a banned group which used to lobby for nuclear disarmament and détente, and we spoke with people who have been jailed and tortured without being accused of any act. We went to a dinner in my honor at the American Ambassador's residence. Apart from the government-imposed news blackout on our press conference at the end of the trip, that dinner turned out to be the climax of the week.

It is important to understand that the

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LETTERS.

DISPELLING ALL DOUBTS

Los Angeles

As the author of the A.C.L.U.-Southern California resolution on C.I.A.-F.O.I.A., passed by the national board of directors of the A.C.L.U. in January, and speaking on behalf of the Southern California chapter, I would like to clarify the meaning and purpose of that resolution, which we perceived and intended differently than did Angus Mackenzie in his editorial in the issue of April 27 ["Welcome Reversal"; also see correction, May 4].

The policy of the A.C.L.U. has long been, and continues to be, a commitment to maximizing public access to government information under the F.O.I.A. This commitment has been demonstrated by substantial expenditures of precious funds and volunteer efforts in support of F.O.I.A. litigation.

The internal A.C.L.U. debate over H.R. 5164, the C.I.A.-F.O.I.A. bill passed last year, centered only on preferable tactical approaches to dealing with access problems to C.I.A. files, and on means of avoiding or resolving such tactical disputes, both within the A.C.L.U. and between the A.C.L.U. and its traditional allies in civil liberties struggles. Throughout this debate, the A.C.L.U. staff continued in its efforts in the courts and in public forums to oppose the use of national security justifications by the C.I.A. and other government agencies to restrict unduly public access to government information.

The A.C.L.U. resolution approved in January was just that—a resolution and not a new policy or a policy amendment. Its purpose was to correct any misperception that the A.C.L.U. has retreated from its historical position in the vanguard of efforts to promote open government and the public's right to know.

The California affiliates and the national A.C.L.U. have never differed on those policy goals, and do not differ now. If the January resolution did not dispel any doubts to the contrary, we hope this letter will.

Meir J. Westreich
A.C.L.U.-Southern California

HOMOEROTIC ART

New York City

In his generally perceptive article Arthur C. Danto states that the homoerotic content of Caravaggio's art was a result of a financial need to satisfy his homosexual patrons and was not necessarily a reflection of his sexual proclivities ["Art," March 2]. If he had written about a male artist of whom little was known but whose body of work contained only erotic female nudes, would Danto feel it necessary to question the artist's possible heterosexual proclivities?

Danto would have us believe that Caravaggio's erotic young men were painted early in his career when he was struggling to survive. The dates of these paintings, and what we know of Caravaggio, contradict his thesis. "Amor Vincit Omnia" (1602), both versions of "St. John in the Wilderness" (1602, 1606) and "St. John the Baptist" (1605) all follow some of Caravaggio's major religious paintings, including "The Calling of St. Matthew" and "The Martyrdom of St. Matthew" (1600), and "The Conversion of St. Paul" and "The Crucifixion of St. Peter" (both 1601). After completing the first of these religious paintings, Caravaggio was in great demand and did not lack for commissions. Therefore, any homoeroticism in subsequent work was most likely done for his pleasure as well as for that of his patrons.

In Caravaggio's work, homoeroticism is not only to be found in the display of boys but also in the care and form of many of his adult male figures, including the St. Paul in the Cerasi Chapel, the Borghese David and "The Martyrdom of St. Matthew," to name a few. Caravaggio did not compromise his work in an attempt to placate his critics or the church. To imply that the homoerotic content was present only to please a small clientele questions both the extent of Caravaggio's vision and the ability of homosexuals to see beyond their sexual appetites when appreciating art. Throughout history the demand for heteroerotic art has far exceeded that for homoerotic art. If Caravaggio wished to succeed by appealing to the sexual tastes of potential patrons he would surely have painted female nudes, yet at no time in his career did he do so.

The lives of homosexuals have, by necessity, been rewritten by themselves and biographers, their sexual identities either ignored or falsified. As we have no concrete evidence as to Caravaggio's sexual orientation, we have to let his work represent to us his image as he chose to project it. To feel compelled to question that image is more a reflection (and reinforcement) of society's homophobia than a constructive analysis of a revolutionary artist. *Michael Watson*

DANTO REPLIES

New York City

It is true both that we know nothing circumstantial regarding Caravaggio's sexual inclinations and that they are widely believed to have been homosexual. I sought to account for the latter belief with reference to his depiction of lubricious boys. It would no more occur to me to infer homoeroticism from his treatment of the male body—or from the treatment of the male body by any sixteenth- or seventeenth-century painter—than I would infer a passion for music from the treatment by twentieth-century Cubists of mandolins and guitars. Masculine beauty was the paradigm of human beauty during the High Renaissance and Baroque periods, and the beautiful male body was a standard motif irrespective of the sexual leanings of the artist, whether a virgin like Reni or a vehement heterosexual like Rubens, a homophile like Michelangelo, a bisexual like Cellini or an out-and-out homosexual like Giovanantonio Bazzi (a.k.a. Sodoma).

The provocative boys are another matter altogether, but even in their case, on which I conjectured that Caravaggio's sexual reputation is based, my argument was that little can be inferred about him. A great deal might be inferred about his patrons, however, considering that these paintings were done in the 1590s when the artist was extremely poor, and so presumably were painted to a market. When you are poor enough to have to peddle paintings in the street, you are not, considering the cost of the materials and the time expended, likely to indulge in self-expression. It is known that pictures from this period brought him to the attention of Cardinal Francesco Del Monte, through whom he secured his first major commission—the Contarelli Chapel in S. Luigi dei Francesi—and that Del Monte had a reputation as a sexual connoisseur of young boys. That commission came in 1599, and after that, to my knowledge, there are no more erotic boys. I suppose that the artist no longer had to cater to the market, and from that point on a quite different account must be given for his depiction of the male body. As the examples cited by Michael Watson all date from after 1600, they do not contradict my thesis. If anything they confirm it. *Arthur C. Danto*

A FAN LETTER

Kansas City, Kans.

I must write at once to express my deep appreciation for Alexander Cockburn's "Beat the Devil." I only wish it was a weekly column.

At a time when we are overwhelmed with deceit, villainy and open greed on a stupendous scale, and when the idiotic slogan of a whole era is "Go fer it!" Cockburn's use of logic, the ordinary rules of evidence and sheer language is as bracing and needful as a tall gin and tonic. I especially esteem his deployment of the acerbic phrase and the pithy way he expresses truths that ought to be obvious to any thoughtful citizen but that are unfortunately all too rare. By all means, hang in there!

From the Kansas not of right-wing senators but of John Brown, *Fred Whitehead*

The Nation welcomes letters—typed, double spaced and no longer than 300 words, please. Longer letters may be edited for reasons of space. Our policy is to publish as many letters as space permits, but inevitably a backlog develops, so please bear with us.

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EDITORIALS.

War & Memory

If the lesson of the fortieth anniversary of the end of the war in Europe is "Never Again," the message in many of the celebrations marking the tenth anniversary of America's withdrawal from Vietnam seems to be "Wait Till Next Time." The parades and the fireworks, the voluminous media retrospectives and the fulsome political rhetoric seek to mobilize sympathy for Vietnam vets. But behind the patriotic fuss is a desperate desire to ennoble the American war, to cancel the country's shame and to prepare for the next defense of imperial power.

Although America lost in Indochina, no de-Vietnamization campaign was created to cleanse the culture of the ideology that sanctioned the war and of the personalities who waged it. After a brief period of unpopularity produced by military defeat—not moral compunction—the generals, the diplomats and the intellectual apologists of the Vietnam intervention are back in favor and in power. In California, the State Assembly recently passed a resolution calling America's war "a noble and honorable defense of liberty," and the bill's sponsor attacked Assemblyman Tom Hayden, who spoke against it, as a "traitor." It passed

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52 to 0, with twenty-seven abstentions. The men who ran the assassination programs in Vietnam, who called in the strikes that incinerated and defoliated the peninsula, who deceived and manipulated the American people, are now in positions to try their hand at targets much closer to home, for another noble defense of freedom against the Nicaraguans.

In Germany, the allied de-Nazification effort at least established the moral culpability of those who made the apocalypse then. The millions who followed Hitler, or simply remained silent, and the soldiers who did their duty were victims of a kind, but they were also executioners. President Reagan and Chancellor Kohl may claim that the Nazi army was made up of 15-year-olds snatched from school, and we should feel sorry that they were used by criminal men for evil ends. But the forces of the Reich cannot escape historical or moral condemnation. The soldiers may not have welcomed their assignment, but they carried it out.

The American invasion and occupation of Vietnam was of a different order than the Nazi campaign in Europe, but murder is murder is murder (as Margaret Thatcher so nicely phrased it); torture is torture; racism is racism, whether aimed at Jews and gypsies or the Vietnamese. The veterans of that war repose in quiet graves or survive in troubled times, and they deserve our pity but not our praise. Their presence is our Bitburg, and they should rest in peace, not rise in revenge.

Press Pooling

The recent bankruptcy of United Press International, whose owners filed under Chapter 11 on April 28, evoked warnings that its longtime competitor, the Associated Press, will become a monopoly. Such fears are nothing new. Indeed, when E.W. Scripps founded U.P.I. in 1907, he said that "it would [not] be good for journalism in this country if there should be one big news trust."

Monopolization and homogenization of the news should be feared, and two wire services are better than one. However, U.P.I.'s failure confirms, rather than creates, monopoly. The afternoon newspapers U.P.I. was established to serve have long since disappeared, shut down, been merged or turned into morning papers. As its market disappeared, U.P.I. tried to offer other services, but it could not compete with Reuters as a source of financial information or with the *New York Times* and the *Los Angeles Times–Washington Post* news services.

Much of the public mourning for U.P.I.—a great deal of it by powerful newsmagazines and monopolistic dailies—lamented the prospects of an American press dependent on only one wire service's version of events. But that was pretty much the situation before U.P.I.'s demise: many of the stories carried on the wires were covered by pool reporters. The ideal of journalists competing for stories is as dead as the afternoon paper.

A more ominous sign of the monopolization of the news, coming only a month after the Capital Cities Communications takeover of ABC, was the May 6 announcement by Australian press lord Rupert Murdoch that he and his partner, oilman Marvin Davis, plan to buy the nation's largest group of independent television stations from Metromedia Inc. Metromedia's network serves viewers in New York, Boston, Los Angeles, Chicago, Washington, Dallas–Fort Worth and Houston. In addition to his Australian and British holdings (including *The Times* of London), Murdoch owns the *New York Post*, Chicago *Sun-Times*, *The Village Voice*, *The Boston Herald*, *New York* and a score of other magazines and newspapers, as well as half of the 20th Century Fox Film Corporation.

Under their present ownership, Metromedia stations have not been an important cultural force; they thrive on a formula of reruns and sporting events. Their Murdochization—a relentless focus on gossip, games and sleaze—could put pressure on other television broadcasters to provide more of the same, a case of the bad driving out the mediocre. As a result, the trivialization of television news will proceed at an even faster pace.

Guatemala Watch

On April 27, at the regular weekly meeting of the Group for Mutual Support, an organization of families of the disappeared in Guatemala, twenty families signed up as new members. What made it remarkable was that earlier in the month, two of the six members of the group's steering committee were murdered. Hector Gomez, a baker whose brother is one of the disappeared, was kidnapped from his home in Amatitlán by four heavily armed men in civilian clothes. His mutilated body was found the next day. A few days later, the body of Rosario de Cuevas, the wife of a disappeared student leader at National University, was found in a car at the bottom of a ravine. With her in the car were the bodies of her 2-year-old son and her 21-year-old brother. They had been asphyxiated before their car was pushed off the road.

Following the murders, two of the surviving leaders of the Group for Mutual Support left Guatemala. Both had received death threats. Even so, the group is continuing under the leadership of Nineth de Garcia, who teaches elementary school and must care for her 2-year-old daughter without the assistance of her husband, who is among the disappeared.

The group was founded last June by thirty families. Since then some 650 families have joined, the majority of them Indians from highland villages that have been most heavily victimized by the political violence in Guatemala over the past few years. The majority of the several hundred participants in an April 13 memorial march for Hector Gomez and Rosario de Cuevas through Guatemala City were Indian women in traditional costumes, who had traveled long distances by bus to take part.

What makes the group so important, and so threatening to Guatemalan chief of state Gen. Oscar Humberto Mejía Víctores, who denounced it in mid-March as being "manip-

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ulated and controlled" by subversives, is that it is the first human rights group that has attempted to operate in the country in a good many years. In a country where a domestic human rights group cannot function, it is virtually impossible to gather reliable and comprehensive information on abuses. Prior to the formation of the group, which has not yet evolved into a full-fledged monitoring organization, the Guatemalan government was better able to deny charges of large-scale human rights violations.

Over the past four years, the U.S. government has systematically aided the regime in its attempts to rebut charges of abuses. The most recent State Department report on human rights worldwide says that in Guatemala "overall . . . conditions improved in 1984." Similarly, the department's reports on 1983 and 1982 claimed that there had been "improvements." The most pernicious thing about such reporting, aside from its inaccuracy, is that it provides an incentive for the Guatemalan government to crush the group to stop it from compiling information that would contradict the State Department.

At stake is U.S. aid to Guatemala. The Reagan Administration is trying to increase it, though it has encountered resistance in the House Foreign Affairs Committee, which voted recently to cut all but $300,000 in direct military aid and to impose conditions on economic aid.

The best way to protect the group would be for Congress to cut off all aid. That would make it clear that killing those who spread the bad news about human rights in Guatemala is the wrong way for the government to improve its image.

Two-Tier Pensions

My wife and I were having a companionable dinner with a couple we had just met in Honolulu when the man, a retired U.S. Army captain and a confirmed Reaganite, suddenly slapped the table with his hand and declared angrily, "The worst law that was ever passed was that Social Security Act." Noticing the shocked look on my face, he continued: "Oh, I know you are getting yours. But who do you think is going to have to pay for it? My son and yours, that's who."

Here was a man still in his 50s who had been retired for two years, after twenty years in the service. He could buy everything from food to major appliances at the PX, at prices that are at least 18 percent lower than what civilians pay. He and his wife had been guaranteed free health care for the rest of their lives. Yet he was blowing his stack because *I* was on Social Security. I felt like telling him, "Look at you! I'm still working at 73, still paying taxes so that you can sit on your butt and enjoy privileges that are denied to people like me."

Not wanting to spoil a friendly dinner, however, I made a less personal rejoinder. "We have had the worst recession since the 1930s, with some 11 million unemployed, with some 400 banks failing and another 700 tottering, with more business bankruptcies than at any other time since the Great Depression," I said. "What would have happened if we hadn't had things like Social Security, unemployment insurance and the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation? In the 1930s there was nothing to bolster the economy; this time, measures like Social Security poured hundreds of billions of dollars into the economy to sustain buying power and avoid a complete collapse."

The captain mumbled a bit and the subject was dropped, but the memory still rankles. Our confrontation came to mind when President Reagan proposed cutting cost-of-living increases for 36 million Social Security beneficiaries nearly in half, to 2 percent if inflation rises at the anticipated rate of 4 percent or less. Zapping the elderly and needy is acceptable to our jaunty President, but the lavish military retirement benefits appear almost sacred.

The armed services' chiefs made clear their opposition to any reductions in their joint testimony to a subcommittee of the House Armed Services Committee on April 2. Little attention was paid to a couple of ploys that bring added benefits to some of the nation's 1,139,415 military retirees, who were supported at a cost of $16.6 billion in 1984. These two practices, so ingrained in the system as to be unwritten law, are: promoting an officer who is about to retire to increase his pension, which is based on the highest rank he has held; and awarding disability allowances even if the disability resulted from a nonservice-related activity, like swinging a golf club too vigorously.

Instead of inquiring about those hidden favors or about the PX privileges and other perks, the committee members suggested that if payments to Social Security beneficiaries could be cut, so could some of the benefits of servicemen and -women. The military chieftains were adamantly opposed to any change whatsoever. Gen. John A. Wickham Jr., the Army's Chief of Staff, put it most emphatically. "No way," he said. "No way."

Although Congress seems bent on cutting benefits—at least for future soldiers—Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger dug in his heels last week, fuming that any overhaul of military pensions would be "devastating." Whatever happens, we will still have a two-tier society, consisting of military personnel, with a socialized system guaranteeing lifetime benefits from enlistment to the grave, and civilians, who pay taxes to support retired service people in the style to which they have become accustomed.

Democrats should stop apologizing for their past and abandoning their principles at the whisper of the word "socialism." Were it not for the New Deal reforms (granted that some of them led to bureaucratic excesses), civilians wouldn't have had any of those benefits that I had mentioned to the irate captain. And without such stimulation of the civilian economy, Ronald Reagan's huge tax givebacks to his wealthy friends, along with the hundreds of billions spent on the military, could well have produced another Great Depression.

FRED J. COOK

Fred J. Cook is a longtime writer for The Nation *and the author most recently of* Maverick: Fifty Years of Investigative Reporting *(G.P. Putnam's Sons).*

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BEAT THE DEVIL.

Betrayal of the Intellectuals

On the eve of President Reagan's outing to Bitburg cemetery, a number of intellectuals gathered in Washington. They included such prominent neoconservative supporters of Reagan as Norman Podhoretz; his wife, Midge Decter; Michael Novak; Irving Kristol; and Jeane Kirkpatrick. At the conference, partly paid for by the State Department, those familiar characters renewed their anticommunist commitment and issued courageous denunciations of totalitarianism and intellectual treason. The only thing they omitted was even the mildest public rebuke of the President for his Bitburg visit. If criticism was voiced, it escaped the attention of *The Washington Post* and of that indefatigable chronicler of neoconservatism, Walter Goodman.

Even by the neoconservatives' own degraded standards of intellectual honesty this was a signal omission. Podhoretz gave a talk titled "The Treason of the Intellectuals Revisited," which offered a fine opportunity to exhibit some moral fortitude in attacking Reagan's tribute to the S.S. dead. (Podhoretz's *Commentary*, sponsored by the American Jewish Committee, was scarcely enthusiastic about the Bitburg visit.) But no. Although Podhoretz has confided his bitterness about Reagan's act to some friends in New York City, his only public ventilation of protest, notably devoid of moral outrage, has been an April 28 column in *The Washington Post* which said that the Bitburg visit was a political blunder because it betrayed Reagan's insensitivity to the Kirkpatrick distinction between authoritarian and totalitarian regimes. Podhoretz's column did not move Kirkpatrick herself to public statements.

It's possible that Podhoretz thought it inappropriate to be critical of his President at a conference for which the State Department had kicked in $45,000. Elliott Abrams, who is married to Midge Decter's daughter by her first husband, had just been promoted to Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs. In his spell as Assistant Secretary in the Bureau of Human Rights and Humanitarian Affairs, Abrams wrote whole chapters in the history of intellectual treason, apparently conceiving his mandate in that job to be the squalid one of telling lies to protect the reputation of the Administration and its clients. To take just one example among many, Abrams denied that Salvadoran security forces perpetrated any massacres in 1984 and, on ABC's *Nightline* on February 13, announced that the U.S. Embassy in San Salvador had investigated widespread reports of army massacres at Los Llanitos and the Gualsinga River, when in fact it had done nothing of the sort.

One might have thought that for appearances' sake, if not out of moral revulsion, Podhoretz and Decter would distance themselves from Abrams and his masters. But his masters are their masters, and like Kirkpatrick, Kristol, Novak and the rest, they prefer the crime of silence to any loss of esteem from the Reagan Administration or from the corporations that have been so useful to them, financing Decter's Committee for the Free World, among other neoconservative outfits.

The Totality of Michael Novak

Among those at that Washington conference urging the American "political elite" to find the "moral courage" to resist the totalitarian challenge was Michael Novak. Like Podhoretz and Decter, Novak is an intellectual to whom the Reagan years have been kind. Under the patronage of the American Enterprise Institute, he has capitalized on two rather meager assets: his Slovak heritage and his claim to be a theologian. The heritage has enabled him to cut a fine figure in the chic beyond-melting-pot market, and the claim has made him a spokesman for the Catholic right.

Novak's greatest service to the earthly corporate powers came in November of last year. A few days before the U.S. Catholic Bishops issued their long-awaited draft pastoral letter on the moral implications of American capitalism—which many expected to be critical of Reagan's social policies—a body called the Lay Commission on Catholic Social Teaching and the U.S. Economy issued a resounding hurrah for the American way. This was scarcely surprising, since its members included Alexander Haig, William Simon, Peter Grace and Claire Boothe Luce. The commission had been organized largely by Novak and Simon, partly in response to the 1983 pastoral letter condemning nuclear war and partly as a pre-emptive headline grabber in anticipation of the second pastoral letter. In the latter aim it was a resounding success, with its paeans to capitalism getting heavy play.

Novak's fundamental proposition, a popular one with the American Enterprise Institute, is that democracy and capitalism are indivisible and that any criticism of capitalism is, by definition, an attack on democracy. But anyone who has followed some of Novak's Slovak enthusiasms will find this reverence for democracy as the indivisible partner of capitalism somewhat strange; likewise his denunciations of totalitarianism. In his capacity as editor of *Slovakia*, the annual publication of the Slovak League of America, Novak approved copious material apologizing for the wartime government of Slovakia, a totalitarian regime which owed its existence to Hitler, decreed the aryanization of its economy and deported more than half its Jewish population to extermination camps in Poland in 1942.

Geographically and historically, the nation known as Czechoslovakia falls into two parts: the western, Czech sector, comprising Moravia and Bohemia, and the eastern, Slovakian half. The former was traditionally Protestant and molded by Austrian domination; the latter was rural, Catholic and further disfigured by its Hungarian masters to the south. When Hitler marched into Prague in 1939, he overthrew the democratic republic of Czechoslovakia, set up after the Versailles conference. The Nazis took a friendlier attitude to the Slovakian half of the country, and in July of that year its Premier and subsequent President, Father Jozef Tiso, presided over the birth of the Slovak Republic, with Hitler acting as midwife.

Tiso's regime was clerical-fascist in nature, essentially a puppet of the Third Reich but with some autonomy in the conduct of internal affairs. In economic terms, being

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largely agricultural, the republic did well under the patronage of Nazi Germany, and German capital participation in Slovak industry increased from 4 percent in 1938 to 51.6 percent in 1942. The fate of Slovakia's Jews was a drastic exception to this newfound prosperity. The soil of Slovakia was already richly manured with anti-Semitism, and Father Tiso's regime did not strive to reform this record; indeed, as the historian Eugene Steiner remarks, the Slovak autonomists under Tiso were "eager to please the Germans" in the resolution of the Jewish problem. Tiso introduced the Führer principle in 1942 and oversaw the aryanization of Jewish property and the dispatch of Jews to the death camps across the Polish border, camps of whose existence Tiso was informed by the Vatican. The remainder of the Slovak Republic's Jews were deported under more direct Nazi supervision after the national uprising of 1944; in all, some 75,000 were exterminated, 83 percent of Slovakia's Jews.

Novak took over at *Slovakia* at the end of 1975, after the death of the previous editor, Jozef Pauco. Pauco's journalistic skills had been honed under the Tiso government, from 1939 to 1945, as editor in chief of *Slovak*, the country's largest daily and the official government newspaper. Among the major features of Novak's issue of *Slovakia* for 1980-81 was an essay by Stanislav Kirschbaum on the Slovak Republic in the war years. Faithful to the intellectual fashion promoted by Jeane Kirkpatrick, Kirschbaum remarks that the Tiso regime manifested "certain visible authoritarian characteristics," but maintains that it was quite successful in taking the Slovak people down the road of modernization and that it "looked after its non-Jewish citizens through planned economic and social development."

Kirschbaum deals with the republic's eager complicity with Hitler by careful deployment of the passive tense: "The war forced Slovakia into much closer cooperation with Germany . . . and brought about the deportation into Poland of more than half of Slovakia's Jews." ("Poland" is always used to describe their destination, rather than the more unsettling phrase "death camps.") He does concede that aryanization and deportation were the most "unfortunate and tragic" of the Tiso government's policies but notes: "These policies found both support and opposition in Slovakia. The aryanization policy was introduced shortly after independence and was voted on by the Slovak parliament in response to a mood that existed in public circles."

Elsewhere in the article, Kirschbaum suggests that Tiso was a moderating influence who saved many Jews and that the true villain was Prime Minister Vojtech Tuka. (Both men were executed as collaborators in 1947.) In fact, the main reason many Jews survived in 1942 was that the Slovak clerical-fascists took a slightly more tolerant attitude than the Nazis toward those who had converted to Catholicism. Furthermore, Rabbi Michael Dov-Ber Weissmandel gave Adolf Eichmann's representative, Dieter Wisliceny, a $50,000 bribe to spare some of the Jews.

Kirschbaum concludes with the thought that "time will undoubtedly cool passions," and "the record will show, as I have suggested in this article, that the Slovak Republic served the Slovaks well." This is what we might call a pre-melting-pot way of looking at things, ethnocentrism with a vengeance. Thus is a wreath laid at the grave of Father Tiso, apparently without any qualms from that guardian of democracy, Michael Novak, who, although no longer editor of *Slovakia*, remains on the editorial board. M. Mark Stolarik, the journal's current editor, tells my colleague Francis Wilkinson, who assisted in the research for this column, that Kirschbaum's father, Jozef, was for a time during the war years Secretary-General of Father Tiso's Hlinka Party.

Novak and Liberty

Some recent developments suggest that Michael Novak's tolerance for apologies for the Tiso regime was not a momentary lapse. Novak is a member of the Board for International Broadcasting, which oversees Radio Liberty. At a March 29 hearing of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, he defended Radio Liberty in the wake of revelations, chiefly by Lars-Erik Nelson of the *Daily News*, that it had been making anti-Semitic transmissions to the Soviet Union. One suggested that the German Galizien Division had been manned by democracy-loving Ukrainians, yearning only to liberate their native soil from the Soviet yoke. The broadcast did not disclose that this division was part of the S.S. or that it played a major role in the suppression of the Slovak uprising of 1944 against Tiso. It should never be forgotten that a substantial number of the S.S. butchers during the invasion of the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe were locals, more than delighted to carry out the Nazi agenda before, in many cases, removing to the sanctuary of the U.S. heartlands and places like Radio Liberty.

Another much-criticized Radio Liberty broadcast in the series defended by Novak and his colleagues on the board was one by Father Anthony, the Russian Orthodox Archbishop of Geneva, who beamed to the Soviet Union an Easter sermon in which he noted that the Jews had done their best to debunk the Resurrection. The defenders of this transmission at first claimed that Father Anthony had used an archaic Russian word for "Jews," thus implying that he was speaking only about the biblical children of Israel. The good father actually used the modern Russian word. Then his defenders explained that they had felt it improper to censor the Bishop of Geneva. That wasn't true either. One line of his sermon had proved too much even for the nonchalant overseers at Radio Liberty, who excised his disclosure that the Jews have threatened to dig up the entire state of Israel looking for the bones of Christ to prove that the Resurrection never happened.

All this brings new richness to the word "theologian."

Afterword

Seen on the wall of a lavatory in the Intercontinental Hotel in Managua: "The Sandinistas have failed to eradicate prostitution in this hotel. Stephen Kinzer can come in anytime he likes."

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CALVIN TRILLIN

A lot of people wish I wouldn't carry on so about the plight of Philip Caldwell. I know that. I've known that for some time. I can see people edging away from me at parties, the way they edge away from Harold the Committed when he's on one of his toots about saving the whales. I realize my friends discuss what can be done about my "Caldwell thing." Some of them have approached me about it, in a kindly way. "Give it a rest," they say. "Let it go."

They say that they really respected me for taking up the cause of Philip Caldwell in 1980—the year he didn't get any incentive bonus at all, even though it was perfectly obvious that he was giving it everything he had—but that it's time to move on to something else. That's what they say now; that's not the way I remember it. The way I remember it, they told me even then that the president of the Ford Motor Company was not an appropriate subject for my sympathy. They scoffed at my notion that Philip Caldwell was the sort of person the Reagan Administration had in mind in its pronouncements about looking after the "truly needy." They reminded me that even without an incentive bonus Philip Caldwell was making $400,000 a year. I said that it didn't make any difference how much money you made if your kid came home from school every day in tears because all the other kids had thrown spark plugs and hood ornaments at him while chanting, "Your old man's got no incentive—naa, naa, naa-naa, naa."

"O.K., maybe he really was what they meant by 'truly needy' then," my friend Max said to me the other night at the Milledge's anniversary party, as he joined me in the corner, where, I'll admit, I was standing quite alone. "But I just read in *Business Week* that last year he made more than $4 million. That must be what Reagan means by people being able to pull themselves up by their own bootstraps. He's O.K. So listen, now that Reagan has said that the *contras* are the moral equivalent of the Founding Fathers, which one do you think is the most like Benjamin Franklin?"

Good old Max. I could see what he was trying to do. He was trying to get me interested in the issues of the day so that I'd talk about something other than Philip Caldwell and wouldn't have to stand alone in the corner at parties. As it happens, I know which *contra* is the most like Benjamin Franklin. It's Col. Rafael (Hot Stuff) Rodriguez, who used to be in charge of the Bureau of Persuasive Interrogation for Somoza's National Guard. Hot Stuff shares with Ben Franklin a keen interest in the practical applications of the phenomenon of electricity.

But that wasn't the sort of thing I wanted to talk about, considering what has happened lately to poor Phil Caldwell. The way I see it, Caldwell is in worse shape than ever. In 1980, when all of the other guys at the club sort of smiled in his direction as they discussed their incentive bonuses, he could at least feel superior to Lee Iacocca. In fact, I pointed out at the time that under a system of disincentive nega-bonuses I had proposed for American executives, Caldwell, who had managed to lose the company $1.5 billion that year, would have owed Ford $274,358; Iacocca would have owed Chrysler Ford.

So Phil Caldwell, clawing and scratching in the American way, finally pulls himself up to $4 million a year, and what does he find? Lee Iacocca. Lee Iacocca on television. Lee Iacocca on the cover of *Time*. Lee Iacocca listed right there on the cover of *Business Week* as someone who makes $1 million a year more from Chrysler than Philip Caldwell makes from Ford. Lee Iacocca's book has been number one on the best-seller list for six months. Lee Iacocca is commonly referred to as a folk hero. Lee Iacocca has drinks with Frank Sinatra at the "21" Club. Lee Iacocca is engaged to a former airline stewardess. How do you think it makes Phil Caldwell feel to pull himself up by his own bootstraps, nearly fracturing his tibia in the process, and then find all that? I'll tell you how: like fate has given him five in the mush.

Before I could tell Max in detail about these lamentable developments, we were joined by Jake, another old friend, who asked me how I thought the White House advance men had managed to get Reagan scheduled for a visit to a German military cemetery that has Waffen S.S. troops buried in it. Good old Jake. I'd bet that just before Max and Jake left for the Milledges they had a little caucus on the telephone to figure out the best topics for distracting me from what I know they consider an obsession with the plight of Phil Caldwell. They do have my best interests at heart. They're my pals. And, by chance, I know exactly how the White House people got Reagan into such an embarrassing pickle. Nobody else seems to remember that it was during a trip to Germany late in February to do the advance work for this very Presidential visit that Michael Deaver, the White House Deputy Chief of Flacks, used his temporary diplomatic passport to buy a cut-rate BMW—an incident that bolstered the belief of some political observers that the familial little group of people who have been clustered around Ronald Reagan since his days in Sacramento should be referred to as the nuclear sleaze. During the entire trip, the junior advance men must have kept asking Deaver if he was sure it wasn't necessary to find out who was buried at Bitburg.

"Mmmm," Deaver would say, as he slowly turned the pages of his BMW catalogue. "Do you think I can get along without the voice-activated windshield wipers or not? You'd think they'd throw that sort of thing in free for a diplomat."

But that's not what I wanted to spend my time discussing. Not after what's happened to Phil Caldwell. "Listen, Jake," I said. "How would you like it if some guy you used to refer to as Old Pasta Gut had the number-one best seller and you'd had eight publishers turn down your collected annual addresses to the Mercury dealers? Just how would you feel, Jake? Jake?"

Jake was backing toward the middle of the room. "I think I'll just freshen up this drink," he said.

I turned to Max, but Max was edging away.

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ARTICLES.

REINVENTING 'THE SIXTIES'

Divestment Stirs A New Generation

TODD GITLIN

Berkeley, California

A new student movement is upon us. In the past month there have been a three-week sit-in at Columbia University; sit-ins, a mass arrest, blockades at Berkeley; demonstrations at the University of California campuses at Santa Cruz, Davis, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles, as well as at Cornell, Syracuse, Stanford, Wesleyan, Rutgers, Kansas and a hundred other campuses.

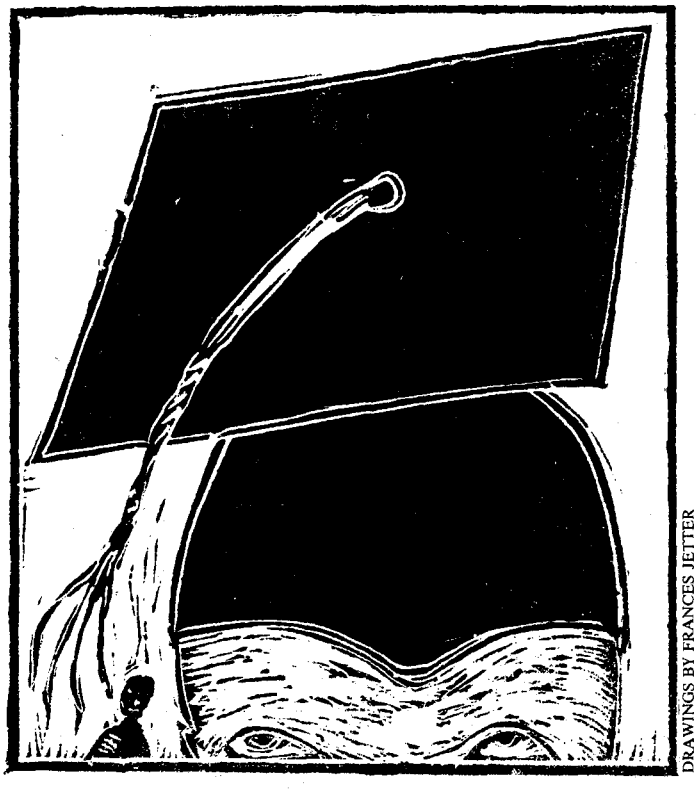
This is not a bolt from the blue. Along with the much-discussed career panic on campuses in the past few years, there has been a free-floating moral energy. Almost eighty percent of the Berkeley student precincts voted for Walter Mondale, and some 53 percent of the Ivy Leaguers, in a pre-election poll, said they were going to do the same. But quantity has mushroomed into quality, and the phrase "reminiscent of the sixties" (or as *Newsweek* prefers, "Days of Rage 80's Style") leaps into the news reports as if preprogrammed into the word processors. In Berkeley, at least, a lot of the protesting students resent the comparison. To many of them, the phrase "the sixties" connotes failure. But when they talk about what they're doing now, they invoke democracy, community, moral commitment, coalitions—while a few, impervious to the arguments about strategy and goals, speak of "ultimatums" and "raising the stakes." Whatever the terminology, all reinvent the history of the 1960s.

Before you can compare the most recent campus upheavals with those of an earlier time, you first must ask, Which 1960s? In media mythology, in neoconservative incantations and, yes, in the countermythologies of some movement veterans, the tangled history that has characterized that era turns out to include only selected heroic days at the end of the decade. The defining act was violence, trashing buildings or burning them down; the defining slogan was "Free Huey" or "Smash the State"; the banner was that of the Vietcong or the Black Panther Party.

What is happening now more closely resembles the civil rights movement of the early 1960s and certain moments in the antiwar demonstrations that occurred later in the decade. The driving spirit of the sit-in at Columbia was radical disappointment with mainstream institutions, the university in particular. As in the early days of the civil rights movement, a volatile mixture of racism and hypocrisy brought that disappointment to the flash point; South Africa is the moral equivalent of terrorist-segregationist Mississippi of an earlier day. South Africa is far away, but investment funds are not.

Here in Berkeley, the range of activist attitudes is probably the widest in the country, and the movement is the most chaotic. At one end of the spectrum are the politically sophisticated student group United People of Color, whose members include the newly elected student government president, and their white allies. They advocate nonviolence and coalition building. At the other end are assorted *gauchistes*, freelance revolutionaries and Berkeley's own denizens of the street. Although few in number, they are at times influential. Initially, United People of Color opposed the April 10 sit-in on the steps of Sproul Hall (renamed Biko Hall by the demonstrators) because it conflicted with the group's own protest strategy, but later it supported the sit-in.

Chancellor Ira Michael Heyman, who was a defender of the Free Speech Movement twenty years ago, unwittingly did this spring's action a great favor. After he summoned the police on April 16 to clear out the people occupying the steps, arresting 159 of them, the number of students demonstrating in favor of divestment swelled enormously. (It's a textbook case of historian Lawrence Levine's corollary to Santayana's maxim: Those who remember the past are *also* condemned to repeat it.) As they used to teach in management seminars for college officials, mass arrests proselyte new protestors. The rank-and-file supporters want to work through the system. You could tell in their faces at the early



DRAWINGS BY FRANCES JETTER

Todd Gitlin, associate professor of sociology at the University of California, Berkeley, is active in Faculty for Full Divestment. Author of The Whole World Is Watching *and* Inside Prime Time, *he is working on a book about the protest movements of the 1960s.*

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rallies. At the back of the crowd, as the loudspeakers faded and the speeches droned on, they still craned forward.

Their numbers are astonishing. Berkeley students demanded a public hearing at which they could present arguments for divestment to members of the university's Board of Regents. Their request was granted, and on April 24, some 7,000 students and outsiders, along with thirteen of the twenty-eight regents (among them, the pro-divestment Lieutenant Governor Leo McCarthy), crowded into a gymnasium to hear those arguments (and a lot of cheering and foot-stomping as well).

At this writing, *The New York Times* has yet to run more than perfunctory Associated Press dispatches about Berkeley. Its headline over the fullest A.P. report, after the mass arrest, announced that the protest had been "quashed." And on April 20, when some 50,000 people marched in San Francisco against intervention in Central America, U.S. ties with South Africa and the arms race, not one word about it appeared in the national newspaper of record.

The national press also fails to mention that, in California at least, the protest is attracting more than students. State legislators are involved. At the Berkeley debate, for example, Assemblyman Tom Bates took the microphone and presented a letter endorsing divestment signed by twenty-four members of the State Assembly. Divestment bills are circulating in the Legislature. Another speaker presented a pro-divestment petition signed by 412 administrative employees of the University of California. The American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees, the Association of Graduate Student Employees and other union locals have demonstrated their support for the movement. When students boycotted classes on April 17, truck drivers from the teamsters' union refused to make deliveries on campus. Forty-seven union activists have been arrested for committing civil disobedience at University Hall, where the statewide university administration has its offices.

The professors have surprised some people. According to a *Newsweek* cover story on yuppies, they were supposed to have been too cooled out on brie and chablis, too preoccupied with mesquite grills and mortgage points, too busy dressing for dinner parties with that sleek, young couple-about-town Nautilus and Narcissus, to work up any moral passion. But perhaps the national middle-class obsession with investments has borne fruit. After the arrests on the steps, more than one hundred Berkeley professors turned up for an emergency meeting and founded the University of California Faculty for Full Divestment. Within five days, 250 faculty members had signed a pro-divestment petition, with comparable numbers doing the same on other campuses in the state.

On April 23, at least eighty members of the Berkeley faculty marched on the administration building—the first all-faculty demonstration to be held on the campus in memory. Three days later, more than 260 teachers, including delegations from each of the University of California's nine campuses, marched again, most wearing academic robes. On the way, the marchers were able to diffuse a nasty confrontation between edgy, aggressive police and defiant Sproul/Biko "steps people." (Wherever the faculty group appears, the students roar approval.) A delegation met with U.C. president David Gardner. He refused to support divestment, or to assure a vote on the issue at the regents' May meeting. Afterward, thirty-eight people committed very civil disobedience, sitting down on the sidewalk, and were arrested. (I wonder when was the last time faculty members sang "We Shall Overcome.")

It hasn't all been so decorous, however. One way in which the current protest movement is different from those of twenty years ago is that the 1960s *happened*; as historian Ruth Rosen points out, the entire repertory of tactics and attitudes of that decade has been available to the Berkeley people, compressed into one month. Along with the local humorists ("Sleep on the steps, not in your classes" reads one sign), every left-wing sect in town clustered around the occupation of the steps. On the steps themselves, no one controlled speeches, signs or much else. To the disgust of most protest leaders, slogans proliferated; the old canned speeches were trundled out. There was a tiny claque whose signs equated Zionism with racism and apartheid. The steps and nearby grounds were also the scene of defecation, dope smoking, drinking and enough sexual harassment to keep some women away.

Hotheads have looked for ways to escalate the protest. On April 30, about two hundred shouting people roamed the campus, then paraded downtown and invaded three banks, the courthouse and Berkeley High School. They threw around a lot of paper, infuriated left-wing city officials and did no damage except to the cause of divestment. Most of the pro-divestment movement is dismayed by such tactics and is increasingly committed to stopping them.

When the regents meet this month in Berkeley, demonstrators will urge them to pass a divestment resolution on the spot. There is little chance of its passing. The regents want to see their treasurer's report on investment strategy first; it is due June 1. But support for divestment is growing, and there is a good chance that when they meet in San Francisco on June 20, they will adopt a phased divestment plan, patterned after that of New York City employees, according to which investments that most directly support apartheid (for example, bank loans to the government and equipment sales to South Africa's repressive agencies) are stopped first. With pension funds in five state governments, some twenty cities (including New York, Boston, Philadelphia and San Francisco) and about forty universities now in the process of selling off stocks from companies and banks doing business in South Africa, this is plainly a mainstream issue. The vast majority of the movement wants to send a message to South Africa.

Why South Africa? Apartheid is morally unambiguous and is sufficiently far away to be a safe target for moral outrage. It is also sufficiently close to provide a point of leverage: university investments, to which faculty and staff contribute directly, help shore up the apparatus of apartheid.

The revolt in South Africa will go on, and so, I think, will its echoes on campuses in the United States. The divestment

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movement has long-term radical implications, which some conservatives have grasped more quickly than liberals have. It makes the claim that investment decisions should be shaped by moral criteria and that citizen groups should have a voice in them—a step toward economic democracy. When President Reagan contemplates what to do to make the Sandinistas cry uncle, he would be unwise to bet that this new wave is only spring fever. □

THE MURDER OF HENRY LIU

In Taiwan, Many Questions Remain

PATRICK SMITH

Taipei

Before he was murdered last October in the garage of his Daly City, California, home, Henry Liu was best known here by his pen name, Jiang Nan, under which he wrote gossipy books and articles critical of Taiwan's leaders and the ruling Kuomintang Party. In the ensuing months, as the killing ballooned into the most damaging political scandal of the island's postwar history, it was revealed that Liu was a trained intelligence agent who allegedly worked for Taipei and Beijing and possibly for Washington. Last month in Taipei, in the trials of those accused of murdering him, Henry Liu the traitor eclipsed Jiang Nan, author of an embarrassing biography of President Chiang Ching-kuo. Although the killers were convicted, a large question went unanswered: Was their target Liu the double agent or Nan the dissident author?

Ever since the Taipei regime admitted that government intelligence agents were involved in Liu's death, the case has been a *cause célèbre*. Revelations of close links between the local underworld and the extensive and politically influential intelligence community have shaken public confidence in the Chiang regime. Because Liu, an American citizen, was murdered in California, the affair also focused unwelcome attention on Taipei's clandestine operations in the United States. On April 16 the House of Representatives passed a resolution calling for the extradition of the guilty parties, and the incident has strained ties between Taipei and Washington, although not as severely as many press reports have suggested.

For Taiwan's government, the most serious ramifications of the case have been domestic, however. Liu's critical writings on the island's ruling family appeared at a time when the issue of presidential succession was much on people's minds. President Chiang is 76 years old and a diabetic. Many here wondered if the motive for the killing was to silence Liu—that it was not the work of some rogue intelligence officers, as had been portrayed. Laying those rumors

Patrick Smith is a correspondent based in Hong Kong.

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'WERE THE ROSENBERGS FRAMED?'

This historic debate, which was sponsored by The Nation and The New Republic at New York City's Town Hall on October 20, 1983, has been described as "a political-literary brawl" (Los Angeles Times), at which "a cheering, jeering crowd of 1,500 followed every jab in a fight over history" (The Washington Post).

The main participants in the debate were: Walter Schneir and Miriam Schneir, authors, Invitation to an Inquest; Ronald Radosh and Joyce Milton, authors, and Sol Stern, research assistant, The Rosenberg File: A Search for the Truth; and Elizabeth Holtzman, moderator. There were also questions and comments from Michael Meeropol, Morton Sobell, Marshall Perlin, James Weinstein, Victor Navasky and others.

A complete record of this extraordinary event can now be purchased in transcript or cassette. Transcripts are available for $24 each; cassettes are $19 each. There are special discounts on orders of five or more. Send check or money order, payable to The Nation, to: "Rosenbergs," The Nation, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011 (a project of The Nation Institute).

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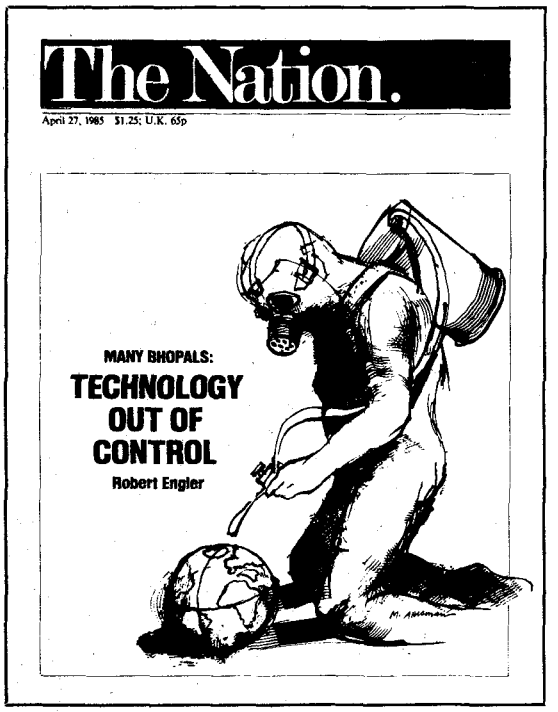

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of higher involvement to rest has been the government's top priority, yet after the verdicts were in, the doubters were not silenced.

That comes as no surprise. At the trial of the murderers, on April 9, only three witnesses besides the defendants were heard, and no material evidence was introduced by the prosecution. After seven hours of testimony, a Taipei district court convicted two prominent members of the local underworld. Ten days later a military court in a suburb of the capital found three senior intelligence officers guilty—one of ordering the crime, and the others as accessories. No witnesses were called, and key evidence against the defendants was not introduced. Obvious contradictions in the defendants' stories went unexplored, and no attempt was made to ascertain if others were implicated.

Sentencing was swift. Chen Chi-li and Wu Tun, both members of Taiwan's Bamboo Union crime syndicate, received life imprisonment for shooting Liu. Vice Adm. Wong Hsi-ling, the former head of the Defense Intelligence Bureau, received the same sentence for instigating the crime, and his two assistants, Maj. Gen. Hu Yi-min and Col. Chen Hu-men, were given terms of two and a half years each. Taiwan's legal system is based on the European system. There are no juries, and the judge performs an investigatory role, questioning witnesses and seeking evidence outside the courtroom if necessary. Many observers thought the proceedings reeked of summary justice. "These are show trials," said one local reporter. "We'll never know who Jiang Nan was or why he was killed."

The story that emerged in court was this. Last year, Wong recruited Chen Chi-li and two other members of the Bamboo Union (the third suspect, Tung Kuei-sen, is believed to be hiding in the Philippines) and gave them a crash course in political warfare tactics. Whether Wong ordered the murder of Liu remains in dispute; the testimony was conflicting. But before the two gang leaders boarded a plane for the United States last September, Wong's deputies had supplied them with copious background material on Liu, including his daily schedule and a blueprint of his suburban house.

Chen, the reputed leader of the gang, testified that he had acted out of patriotism. Liu was a traitor and deserved to die, he said. During the trial, the semiofficial press in Taipei published a running tribute to Chen's sterling character, written by his wife.

But what was Wong's motive? Establishing that was essential to the prosecution's case, and government lawyers theorized that he had ordered the killing for personal reasons. According to this version, last year Wong learned that Liu possessed damaging information of an unknown nature relating to the admiral's years as chief of Taiwan intelligence operations in the United States during the 1970s. Wong was tipped off to this when he somehow obtained copies of letters Liu had written. The admiral had him killed to silence him. Because he was not acting in an official capacity, the prosecution was not required to raise the question of involvement by people higher up in the government.

Although that story cannot be dismissed out of hand, it contains many gaps. Why, for instance, did Wong offer Liu

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$20,000 to tone down criticisms of the Chiang family in a new edition of his biography? Apparently most of that sum, more than officials of Wong's rank usually earn in a year, was paid. But where did it come from? Did Wong want Liu killed, or merely "taught a lesson," as he insisted at the trial? The court did not resolve that question, finding that he had acted out of "unspecific intent." Then there is the matter of Liu's letters. The government claimed they had been lost, and it relied on out-of-court testimony as to their contents. Defense attorneys' protests against admission of that evidence provided the only lively moments in the soporific seven-hour session on April 9.

More intriguing were allegations in the local press that Wong offered Liu an additional $80,000 not to publish a biography he had written of K.C. Wu, a former governor of Taiwan and a prominent political opponent of Chiang. Before Wu was sent into exile (he died last year), he had accumulated a great deal of evidence on corruption, human rights violations and other abuses of power by the regime in the 1950s; Liu's book would presumably have revealed some of that material. When he was governor, Wu was known as Mr. Democracy, while Chiang, who was then overlord of the island's intelligence apparatus, was called Mr. Spy.

Few people have seen Liu's biography, and the prospects of its ever being published are uncertain. Just before he was killed, Liu had provided a dissident magazine in Taipei with several excerpts, but the issues containing the articles were banned. The regime's sensitivity in the matter suggests that Liu's writings critical of Chiang were not irrelevant to his death.

Sources in Taiwan's small but vocal opposition certainly believe they were not. They contend that if the courts had followed the trail of evidence, it would have led them to the island's First Family. Wong, they say, has had a long relationship with the Chiangs, going back to his service as aide-de-camp to the President's father, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, on the mainland. Bamboo Union leader Chen Chi-li was a classmate of Chiang Hsiao-wu, the President's son, age 40, who is head of the Chinese Broadcasting Company. The younger Chiang, these opposition sources assert, is an influential figure in the security apparatus. Also, he and Chen were seen together at dinner parties before the murder.

Several Kuomintang officials share the suspicions of the opposition figures that Liu's murder was politically motivated, as does Helen Liu, the victim's widow. But their suspicions remain just that. The younger Chiang has on two occasions vehemently denied that he had any association with either Chen or members of the intelligence services. According to senior party officials, he is extremely sensitive about suggestions that he was in any way involved in the crime.

Party loyalists dismiss the opposition's charges as opportunism. The dissidents, they say, are trying to put an end to the Chiang dynasty by smearing the President and his son. With Chiang's age and health a concern, there is no doubt some truth to those accusations, and no hard facts have surfaced to buttress the opposition's claims of a judicial whitewash. Nevertheless, the rumors are still circulating, as are stories of higher involvement and hints of circumstantial evidence to support them. One thing is certain: the trial has failed to put the rumors to rest.

That failure must be considered a missed opportunity. During the pretrial investigations, there was strong popular sentiment for a complete disclosure of the facts surrounding the murder. Many of the island's 19 million people saw the proceedings as a chance to make a clean break with some unsavory incidents in the country's past. By fully airing the evidence, the regime might have repudiated a tradition of political assassinations and collaboration with crime syndicates that goes back to the Kuomintang's years in power before the Communist revolution. The government might also have served notice that it would bring the eight security agencies under tighter control and make them more accountable.

Members of the younger generation, particularly reformers and technocrats in the party, regard the ideological battle with Beijing as an embarrassment. Yet it remains an obsession of older mainlanders, who, though a minority, dominate the underworld and the government. After a series

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of violent riots five years ago in Kao-hsiung, south of the capital, the government began to employ gang members in its surveillance program. The Bamboo Union, the island's largest gang, has grown from a few hundred members in 1979 to more than 10,000 today as a result of this "patronage." At the same time, official efforts to bring younger people into the government have proceeded slowly. The Liu trials underscored the differences in outlook between the Kuomintang old guard and those who are no longer interested in settling scores with Mao Zedong's successors and who demand a more democratic future.

The regime clearly intended to make the trials a showcase of Taiwan justice. The island's newspapers gave them voluminous coverage. Opposition legislators, legal authorities and foreign correspondents had full access. The court martial of Wong and his associates was open to the public, the first time in Taiwan's history that a military trial had been so conducted. After it ended, a legal expert called the evidence complete and the presentation thorough. By conducting the trials correctly, the regime also hoped to deflect calls from the U.S. Congress for extradition of the culprits.

But the government's overriding security concerns undercut this strategy. The regime could not permit a full-blown exposé of the extensive overseas activities of the intelligence agencies and of their unholy alliance with the crime syndicates. A more important inhibition was the fear of alienating the security services. That fear will undoubtedly be a major consideration when the verdicts come up for automatic review. Although a higher court will hardly reverse them, the sentences may be reduced. Reforms in the intelligence bureaucracy are unlikely. The official view is that none are needed because Wong and company were merely out-of-control operatives settling a private grudge.

Washington appears mostly unmoved by all of this. Democrats in Congress have demanded extradition and are threatening to re-examine U.S. military sales to Taiwan, scheduled to total $760 million in fiscal 1985. The State Department has officially requested that the accused face a U.S. court. Don't wait for it. From here, the Reagan Administration and Washington's Taiwan lobby seem as eager as Taipei to limit the fallout from the Liu murder. Burnishing the image of offshore justice is clearly a lower priority than preserving the island's political stability, and with a transfer of power from Chiang *père* to Chiang *fils* more or less imminent—since the development of younger political leadership has been unsuccessful—the United States is likely to put its money on someone named Chiang.

Who was Jiang Nan and why was he killed? Good questions. But Ronald Reagan's Washington appears about as anxious to answer them as Taipei's prosecutors have shown themselves to be. □

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LETTER FROM NORTH CAROLINA

Between the Races, The Past's Shadow

KATHERINE FULTON

Greensboro

No one who's heard the story ever forgets it. Charles Drew, the famous Howard University surgeon who pioneered the development of blood plasma and blood banks, died because of discrimination. The eminent black doctor whose very existence challenged the premise of segregation bled to death in 1950 when a "whites only" North Carolina hospital refused to treat him after an automobile crash.

The tale of his death took root in black culture and spread like kudzu. But it is a myth, a morality tale based on something that never happened. The truth is that white doctors did everything they could to save Drew's life; there are blacks and whites who swear to it.

Like all myths, this one survives for a reason, as Spencie Love, a young historian who is writing a book on the Drew legend, has shown. The myth about Drew's death dramatizes the larger truth of four centuries of injustice. I repeat it here because the simple story of blacks battling against white racism is exactly what liberals and leftists, black and white, expect to hear about the South, especially about Jesse Helms's North Carolina. And because the truth—not just about the Drew story but also about blacks and whites thirty-five years later—is not that simple.

Two recent North Carolina stories help illustrate this. One is a story of the white community, the other of the black. Yet they are similar: each involves a national political figure who evokes deep feelings about the race issue; each shows how progress is slowly being made; and each shows how we are often mired in the past at the expense of the future.

Last October, Ronald Reagan traveled to Charlotte, where court-ordered busing for school desegregation was born, and declared that the Democrats "favor busing that takes innocent children out of the neighborhood school and makes them pawns in a social experiment that nobody wants. We've found out that it failed." The enthusiastic and overwhelmingly white crowd responded with silence.

"You were wrong, Mr. President," the respected daily *The Charlotte Observer*, wrote the next day. "If you had set out deliberately to upset the people of this community, you couldn't have come up with a more disturbing statement." Charlotte's "proudest achievement is its fully integrated public school system." Indeed, the National Education

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Association has cited the city, where blacks make up 39 percent of a 72,000-student system, as a model for successful integration.

It hasn't always been this way, of course. It took three years after *Brown v. Board of Education* before the school system allowed five blacks to transfer to white schools. It took a 1969 court order, from a judge who was subsequently hanged in effigy. It took becoming the national test case for busing in 1971, when the Supreme Court ruled unanimously to uphold the court order. Then whites fled to private schools, and flying fists filled the hallways of public schools.

Somehow, in an astonishingly short time, North Carolina's largest city managed to heal. In 1983, about 40 percent of the city's white voters joined with black voters to elect Charlotte's first black mayor, an architect named Harvey Gantt. But this January, it began to look as if Reagan had reopened old wounds after all. When the school superintendent proposed a routine readjustment of the school districts, about 200 parents protested some of the changes. A Charlotte resident wrote a column for *The Wall Street Journal* attacking busing, and a newly elected Republican state legislator said he was exploring the possibility of putting a nonbinding referendum against busing on the fall ballot.

As spring approached, the racial rhetoric began to subside. *The Charlotte Observer* published a poll showing that fifteen years after court-ordered busing began, the community is evenly divided over whether it should be stopped. City residents, blue-collar workers and blacks are most likely to support busing, while county residents, white-collar workers and whites tend to oppose it. The people who have attended the public schools since busing began indicate they think it should continue.

"It's kind of like asking people whether they want to continue being taxed or not," commented Charlotte-Mecklenburg school superintendent Jay Robinson. "I think the results are a pretty positive statement."

The story, of course, is not simply a tale of progress. Plenty of whites oppose busing, and plenty of them voted against Harvey Gantt because he's black. Reagan and other whites often ignore the evidence and make their own myths by tapping into the racist past. Blacks know that. They know whites are often insensitive, ignorant and indifferent about what it's like to be black in America. That, too, was the meaning of Reagan's visit to Charlotte.

The black story takes place about a hundred miles north, in Greensboro, the birthplace of the sit-ins. At the traditionally black North Carolina Agricultural and Technical State University—from which students emerged to sit at that now-famous Woolworth's counter and from which the Rev. Jesse Jackson graduated—a black professor has charged that he has been discriminated against because of his race.

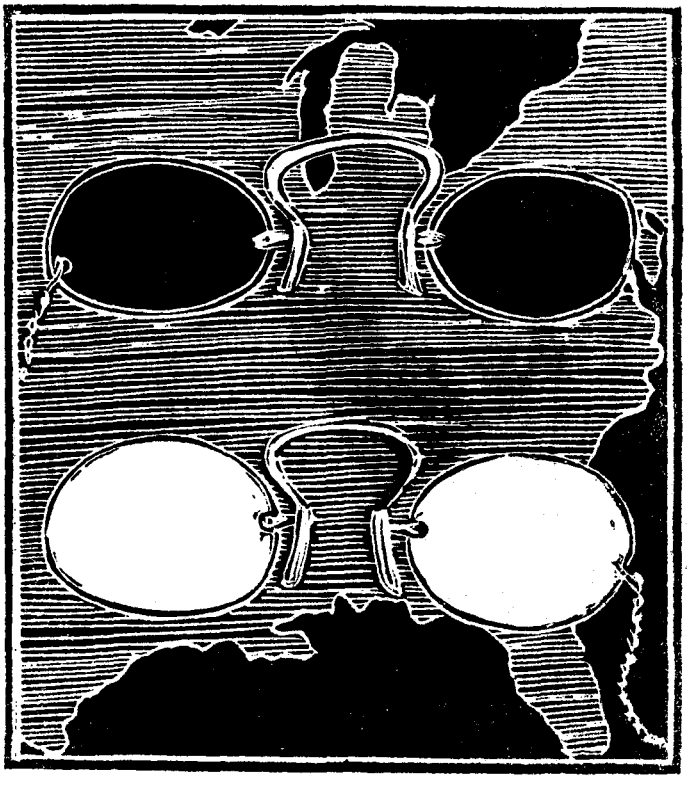
The university's special mission since its founding, in 1891, has been to serve the educationally and/or economically deprived. Even today, A.&T. has a virtually open admissions policy; more than half of this year's freshman class had a cumulative score below 700 on the Scholastic Aptitude Test, results of which can range from a low of 400 to a high of 1600. Now, after a bruising legal battle between the University of North Carolina and the Federal government which eventually established legal quotas, the school has a new mission as well: attracting whites and achieving excellence.

A.&T. chancellor Edward Fort, who is black, had a lot of good news when he faced state legislators at a recent budget meeting. The nursing program, almost abolished about four years ago because as few as 13 percent of its graduates could pass the national certification examination, has raised its standards. Recently, 88 percent of the graduates passed. The engineering program, which is playing an important role in North Carolina's microelectronics industry, has a "world-class" $8.5 million building under construction. Fort told the legislators, "This campus has a sense of destiny."

Many blacks, however, worry that institutions like A.&T. are being destroyed, taking with them the only hope for deprived black students. This feeling surfaced in 1983, when a five-member engineering faculty committee recommended denying tenure to associate professor Wesley Clark, a black graduate of A.&T. who went on to get a doctoral degree at Oklahoma State University. The committee had no black members, and four of its members were foreign-born.

Clark challenged the decision through the proper university channels. On three separate occasions, Clark's colleagues on the engineering school's committee voted that he be denied tenure. Engineering dean Suresh Chandra, a native of India and a naturalized American citizen, consistently opposed tenure. Top black administrators, including Fort, backed the engineering committee's recommendation. Then a university-wide review panel made up primarily of blacks found that Clark was a victim of personal malice and race discrimination. And the fight got mean.

Students demonstrated in favor of tenure for Clark. Jesse



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Jackson, a member of A.&T.'s board of trustees, paused in his Presidential campaign to take up Clark's fight. Foreign-born faculty members found nasty cartoons in their mailboxes and were accused of receiving special treatment at the expense of blacks. Alumni called for the resignation of Fort and other A.&T. officials. And Clark filed suit against A.&T. and Fort, charging discrimination and asking for $500,000 in damages.

The argument for Clark goes like this. How can you deny tenure to a qualified black at a traditionally black university, especially when black Ph.D.s in engineering are so hard to find, without ever warning him that his performance is substandard? If affirmative action for blacks can't be practiced at A.&T., where can it be?

No one has made the case more directly than Jesse Jackson, who enrolled two sons in A.&T.'s freshman class last fall. "Something's wrong," he said at the height of the controversy, when a forty-member engineering faculty contains only nine blacks. "Black chancellors have more pressure to desegregate their faculties than do their white counterparts," Jackson said. "Our schools are going to get whiter from the bottom up, get more pressure from the top down, get more dissension and, because of the dissension, more budget cuts." The victims, the argument goes, will be black students, who should have black teachers as role models; they will be stuck with whites because the standards for hiring and promotion are "white" standards.

The argument rings true in many places. But the case for Clark disregards facts that cast doubt on the charge that he was discriminated against. Look closely and you find a mirror image of Reagan in Charlotte, the main character clinging to the past and seeing only what he wants to see.

The counterargument, voiced mostly by white engineering professors, goes like this. The impetus for change at A.&T. came from blacks, not whites. Their demands for fair treatment led to pressure to hire whites and raise standards. Desegregation, after all, cannot be for white campuses only. Standards, furthermore, are not racist. The engineering committee that examined Clark's record found he had met neither the research nor the professional growth standards deemed essential to success in this rapidly changing field. The reviewers were deeply hurt that blacks attacked them for following the rules, and they were offended at being charged with racism.

They had studied Wesley Clark's original tenure application, as blacks in the community at large could not have. They knew that Clark had written nothing in the space where he was asked "to summarize evidence of professional growth within the past five years, scholarships and fellowships received."

What's more, they knew, as blacks in the community should have known, that on the same day the all-white committee first voted unanimously to deny Clark tenure, it voted unanimously to grant tenure to a black engineering professor named Reginald Whitsett.

Besides, A.&T. does have five black Ph.D.s teaching engineering—five more than a decade ago. Only one of the 286 accredited engineering schools nationally has a higher percentage of blacks on its faculty, according to Dean Chandra. And it is not so unusual that about half of A.&T.'s engineering faculty is foreign-born, because foreigners receive about half the engineering doctorates awarded each year in the United States.

In the end, Chancellor Fort recommended tenure for Clark. The board of trustees, warned by Jackson that there would be protests on campus if tenure wasn't granted, voted for Clark. At the top of the decision-making ladder, a special subcommittee of the university system's board of governors worked out what former Republican Governor James Holshouser called "perhaps the greatest compromise since King Solomon." Clark agreed to drop his suit; the university agreed to wipe his slate clean and let him try again for tenure in two years; and everyone agreed not to say anything publicly. Privately, the dispute, which is even messier than this brief telling can indicate, persists.

I don't presume to know whether Wesley Clark was discriminated against because of his race. What bothers me is that so many people in the A.&T. community did. Many blacks seemed to act reflexively: because discrimination has always existed, they instantly believed that he was held back by racism. Worse, some blacks have treated foreign-born professors with the kind of intolerance blacks themselves have long experienced.

As you enter the A.&T. campus, about a mile from downtown Greensboro, you see on the left the construction site for the new engineering building, the facility which will help insure the university's survival into the twenty-first century. On the right, you see a sign calling for the resignation of the engineering school's foreign-born dean and two top academic administrators, both blacks—the men who, by looking to the future, have threatened those who are so proud of A.&T.'s past.

Ponder its meaning and you will come full circle to the Charles Drew legend, where, as Spencie Love has learned, the facts aren't as interesting as the distinct responses blacks and whites continue to have to them. When black physician C. Mason Quick made the most recent attempt to tell the truth about Dr. Drew's death three years ago, some of North Carolina's white editorial writers crowed that things weren't really so bad in the good old days. Theirs was the classic white response: like Reagan in Charlotte, they were unable to fathom the black experience.

Understandably, the black community sees the moral differently: the myth is in the minds of the white editorial writers who ignore black history. If the famous black surgeon didn't die at racism's door, plenty of blacks did. That's why the Drew legend lives on. Still, there's a problem with the black response, and it's the same problem that's been acted out recently at A.&T. Sometimes blacks too are unable to get beyond their past, to see distinctions, to question their assumptions.

Things have changed, to be sure. The two nations, black and white, have made progress together. White crowds don't automatically cheer ignorant remarks about busing, even from the President of the United States. Whites and

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blacks do share the same workplaces, schools and sometimes neighborhoods. But between the races there is still an enormous gulf of experience. The future has been born. The tragedy is that the past, as William Faulkner wrote, "is never dead, it's not even past." □

Ambassador

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

military coup in Turkey was preceded by two years of terrorism, which had piled up some 5,000 dead. At times, as many as twenty people a day were killed, and by all accounts the country appeared to be on the verge of civil war. Justification for the military takeover rests on this fact, which no one seems to deny. But some observers, including Suleyman Demirel, the Prime Minister at the time of the coup, find it suspicious that although seemingly helpless to curb the violence for two years, the military brought an amazing peace within a matter of weeks after taking power. In Demirel's view, the generals deliberately allowed the chaos to expand until their intervention would be gratefully accepted. Support for the military government is still based on fears that the violence will return.

A former high-level government official told us that there are currently about 2,000 political prisoners in Turkey. In addition, 7,000 people are said to have been arrested as terrorists; most of them are under the age of 24, and some are as young as 16. Many of these young people were picked up on the street for scrawling slogans on walls or arrested for harboring others in their homes. It is generally believed that about forty-eight "terrorists" have been hanged and that seventy more are awaiting execution.

The Turkish Constitution permits the police under martial law to detain a citizen for forty-five days without notifying his family or lawyers, and most instances of torture take place during that time. We met a respected Turkish publisher who had been arrested with his brother and had seen him beaten to death. In spite of his anguish as he related the details, he insisted on conveying the horror to us step by step. He told how he and his brother had been put in a van and, on their way to the prison, had been struck repeatedly by four guards. He believed he had survived because he had been handcuffed with his arms in front of him, allowing him to use them to protect his head. His brother's hands were cuffed behind his back, so he was helpless. When they arrived at the jail, the guards pulled them out and kicked his brother as he lay on the ground until he stopped moving.

Because of his prestige, the publisher was able to sue the police for assault. He won the case, but the four guards were sentenced to a few years in jail. Their superiors, who had ordered the arrests, were not mentioned in the proceedings.

We had looked forward to meeting U.S. Ambassador Robert Strausz-Hupe, if only to hear the official U.S. view

Arthur Miller's most recent book is Salesman in Beijing *(Viking). The full report of his trip will be published by PEN.*

Alexander Cockburn on the PRESS.
Andrew Kopkind on the CULTURE WARS.
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on the situation in Turkey. The dinner took place the day after we spent a deeply moving evening with the fiancée of Aly Taygun, a young director whose innovative work had created much excitement at Yale University's Drama School a couple of years ago, and the young wife of a painter who, like Taygun, is serving an eight-year jail sentence for his membership in the Turkish Peace Association. The second woman's hope that we might help her husband in some way prompted her to show us several sepia drawings he had handed her during the five-minute visits she is permitted every two weeks. The drawings, mostly portraits of her, were packed with an almost palpable sensuous power.

When I found myself momentarily alone with the Ambassador, I immediately began telling him about the imprisoned artist and his wife. To my surprise and pleasure, he was at once caught up in the story. He wanted to know their names, implying he would inquire about them. It seemed a good beginning. The Ambassador, a spry, diminutive man in his 80s, is famous for his absolute deference to the Turkish military, with whom he has completely identified American interests. All I knew about him was that he had worked as a campaign adviser to Barry Goldwater. I learned later that he had been a professor at the University of Pennsylvania and has been considered a leading thinker of the far right.

That night he displayed a cultivated, literary air, not at all the image of a fiercely militant right-winger. He is an Austrian, naturalized in 1938; his rosy complexion and full head of silver hair, his blue baggy eyes with their soft drooping lids, his natty gray suit and sharp intelligence all suggested Vienna and civilized coffeehouse discussions. As we moved toward the dinner table, he confided to me that there might well be a declaration of amnesty in Turkey in the near future, giving the impression of cautious liberalism. "We can't push them too far," he said of the military. "We don't want to lose them."

Taking my seat across the table from the Ambassador and to the right of his wife, I thought how functional the elegance of the table was, as though to protect power by enforcing good manners and empty conversations. The image of the imprisoned painter would not go away, but could such an unpleasant thought be introduced at a dinner given by my country's Ambassador in my honor?

Harold Pinter was seated on the same side of the table as I was, half a dozen places down. The soup had hardly been served when I heard his strong baritone above the general babble and caught in it the flow of a quickened mind. On my left, Mayrose Strausz-Hupe, a beautiful woman who looks less than half her husband's age (the daughter, she volunteered, of a Ceylonese Ford dealer), was drawing a map of her country on the tablecloth with her fingernail, showing the demarcations between the religious factions that had been tearing the country apart in the years since the British left.

As the roast veal was served, Pinter's voice rose higher, his British diction sprouting angry ratchets. I could hear that he was engaged in a cross-table discussion with Nazli Ilicak, a widely read columnist whom we had met at the offices of her husband's newspaper, *Tercuman*, some days earlier, and Frank Trinka, the American Deputy Chief of Mission, an unsmiling, tight-bodied man, with tinted glasses and a knife-like self-assurance. I could not make out what Pinter was saying, but I could hear Ilicak and the deputy chief replying, "That's your viewpoint. We have to see it in the round. You are only seeing part of it . . . " The Ambassador, forking his veal, did not even glance in Pinter's direction as the playwright's voice reached the volume of an M.P. in the House of Commons. Madame Ambassador continued with her geographical drawing, maintaining an admirable aplomb. Her husband was trying to engage his neighbor in conversation, when Pinter, with open rage, shouted across the table at Ilicak, "That is an insult and was meant as an insult and I throw it back in your face!" As I learned later, she had told Pinter that although the Turks would have to remain and face the realities of their country, he could go home and put it all into a profitable play.

The Ambassador quickly tapped his crystal water glass with a silver spoon and brought silence. "I wish to welcome Mr. Miller as our honored guest," he said, and went on to extol my work in the theater. He ended with a glance around the table which came to rest only for a moment on Pinter. "This demonstrates that all viewpoints are welcome here," he said. And then, pointing to the floor of his residence, his voice thick with emotion: "Here is democracy. Right here, and we are proud of it. Imagine this happening in a communist country!" Whereupon he thanked me for coming.

I understood that it was up to me to respond to the toast. Protocol must be observed, and the Ambassador had been an engaging host. But as we sat there in the brightly lit room, an image popped into my mind: the painter's wife staring at an empty pillow; her husband lying on his mattress hardly a mile away, with six more years of prison ahead of him, all for an offense that, had I been a Turk, I surely would have committed myself.

I began by quietly thanking the Ambassador for the dinner and the welcome, at which he looked relieved. "Whatever our political differences," I said, "we share the same faith in democracy." The Ambassador nodded appreciatively. I went on:

> As democracy enhances candor, my speech being without fear, it is impossible for us to ignore what we have witnessed in Turkey. We are playwrights, and playwrights are different from poets or novelists or perhaps any other kind of writer. We deal in the concrete. . . . An actor has to be moved from point A to point B, and so you cannot act in general, only in particular. We do not know what the situation in Turkey was last year, so perhaps it is better now, as is claimed. We don't know what it will be in the future. We do know concretely what we have seen, and what we have seen has no tangency with any democratic system in Western Europe or the United States. I wrote in *The Crucible* about people who were jailed and executed not for their actions but for what they were alleged to be thinking. So it is here; you have hundreds in jail for their alleged thoughts. We are told that Turkey is moving closer and closer to democracy, and that may turn out to be so, no one can say, but what it is now is a military dictatorship with certain merciless and brutal features. We are helping Turkey, and I am not saying we should not; but the real

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strength of a state in the last analysis is the support of her people, and the question is whether the United States is inadvertently helping to alienate the people by siding so completely with those who have deprived them of their elementary rights. Not a single action is alleged against the hundreds of Peace Association people in prison.

As I continued, I thought I saw the eyes of the Ambassador glaze with astonishment or horror. But at the same time, he seemed to be listening to a kind of news: not political news, for he knew better than I did the state of affairs there, but news of an emotion, an outrage. After twenty minutes I ended my speech:

> There isn't a Western lawyer who could come to this country and see what is happening in these military courts who would not groan with despair. The American part here ought to be the holding up of democratic norms, if only as a goal, instead of justifying their destruction as the only defense against chaos.

The Ambassador turned, gazed at the faces around the silent table and asked Erdal Inonu, son of a former President and Prime Minister and head of a political party, if he would respond to my remarks. Inonu, 60, balding and squinting, a man with a gentle face and long hands which he softly clasped above the table, said that in general he could not help agreeing with my views and wanted to add his welcome to that of the Ambassador. I could hardly believe this apparent victory. The Ambassador gestured toward Ilicak; she simply shook her head, her eyes rounded in shock. A bearded journalist was then invited to comment; he chose simply to rub his hands together, smile and welcome me to Turkey (though Pinter later revealed that this man had exchanged approving glances with him while I was speaking). And so, with no more takers, we all rose, as the Ambassador said something to the effect that it had been a fascinating dinner. Before I could stop myself, I added, "This is one you won't forget soon," to which the Ambassador responded with an uncertain smile.

The company adjourned to the sitting room for coffee, and I sought out the deputy chief, sensing that he occupied the center of power in the place. But I had hardly sat down when once again I heard the awesome baritone of Harold Pinter. Near the entry hall, Pinter was just turning away from the Ambassador, who, half his size, was shouting something and walking abruptly toward an astonished guest. Pinter came directly to me and said proudly, "I have insulted your Ambassador and have been asked to go."

Forced to be practical by Pinter's visible emotion, I wondered about transportation and found a guest whom we had met at a gathering of Peace Association supporters. He was happy to share his car, but the French Ambassador intervened, at the risk of offending Strausz-Hupe, his colleague and friend, and offered to drive us to his residence. On the way out to the black Peugeot, Pinter explained that the Ambassador had remarked that there can always be a lot of opinions about anything, and he had replied, "Not if you've got an electric wire hooked to your genitals." The Ambassador had stiffened and snapped, "Sir, you are a guest in my house!" Whereupon Pinter had concluded he had been thrown out. Pinter was brimming with admiration for my peroration, as I was for his righteous indignation, without which I could not have launched my twenty-minute speech. We decided we ought to form a team that would visit American Embassies around the world.

Throughout our stay we had declined interviews, promising instead to hold a press conference on our last day. It took place in the building of the Journalists' Association in Istanbul, and was attended by twenty-five or thirty men and women and a television crew from United Press International. What we said at the press conference was more or less what we had said at the Ambassador's dinner. We understood that Turkish journalists would be forbidden to print more than scraps of such opinions, but we felt we had to speak candidly. The next day, in London, we learned that reporting about the press conference had been banned by the government and that an investigation was to be launched into the whole visit. But news of it has nevertheless penetrated the prisons, as we have indirectly learned, and has brought some hope that the world has not forgotten these people. Unhappily, Prime Minister Ozal could stand before the Washington Press Club a few weeks ago and declare there are no political prisoners in Turkey without causing a ripple in his audience. There is nothing farther away from Washington than the entire world. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

The Wise Child

J.D. McCLATCHY

RANDALL JARRELL'S LETTERS: An Autobiographical and Literary Selection. *Edited by Mary Jarrell. Houghton Mifflin. 521 pp. $29.95.*

It is usually said, and with good reason, that Randall Jarrell was the best poet-critic of his generation, a literary journalist with impeccable taste and perfect pitch, and an intelligence so discriminating and convincing that his eloquently argued opinions about the major modernist poets still shape the way we read them. And a glance over his other work—his novel, his translations, his books for children, his many reviews and occasional essays—shows him to have been a man of wide interests, one who wrote from his enthusiasms: sports cars, Russian novels, German music, Donatello and tennis. His greatest enthusiasm was writing, and as these letters make clear, he *worked up* his style, as if it were his backhand.

In a sense, it was the back of his hand that distinguished his style. Thurber's sobriquet for Alexander Woollcott might also be used of Jarrell in his criticism: Old Vitriol and Violets. He was famously cruel in his judgments, but rarely inaccurate. "When we read the criticism of any past age," he once wrote, "we see immediately that the main thing wrong with it is an astonishing amount of what Eliot calls 'fools' approval'; most of the thousands of poets were bad, most of the thousands of critics were bad, and they loved each other." Yet as Robert Lowell remarked, "Eulogy was the glory of Randall's criticism." He did not have a critical mind on the order of Eliot's or Blackmur's, but his proper scorn and his quicksilver praise enlivened the state of criticism in his day, which was, he said, "astonishingly graceless, joyless, humorless, long-winded, niggling, blinkered, methodical, self-important, cliché-ridden, prestige-obsessed, and almost autonomous."

What makes his writing so vivid, and his opinions still so forceful, is his style. He thought in images and wrote in phrases, and thereby seemed not merely to describe an author's intention but to embody it. To characterize William Carlos Williams's attitude toward formal verse, he wrote: "If you have gone to the moon in a Fourth of July rocket you built yourself, you can be forgiven for looking askance at Pegasus." He speaks of the "iron spontaneity" of the beatniks, or of the disciples of Yvor Winters says that they "wander, grave weighing shades, through a landscape each leaf of which rhymes, and scans, and says softly: And the moral of *that* is. . . " The one thing it seems that Jarrell could *not* write was a dull book, but Mary Jarrell, his second wife, has now published one in his name.

It would have been a dull book in any case. The simple, and sad, truth is he was not an interesting letter writer. Even so, Mary Jarrell's selection (less than a fifth of those letters preserved) is lumpy, and her apparatus overdone. In effect, she wanted her running commentary to provide a biography of sorts. While often informative, it is rarely illuminating. Very much the *veuve abusive*, she is so intent to brighten the image of Randall Jarrell that she only casts a greater shadow over it—over his erotic life, his last days (with their apparent insanity and ambiguous end), his instincts and motives, the sources and drives of his genius. She is a jaunty and sometimes an amusing memoirist, but she is no judge of people and is often careless about facts.

As Weldon Kees once observed about Randall Jarrell in company, "The thing that rather puts one off about him is his way of hoarding his wit for his writing." And he did not lavish it on his correspondence either. Though there are exuberant and plangent exceptions here, details and ideas lovingly touched on, his letters tend to be stiff, practical, at times downright telegraphic. In 1951 he happened to read his own letters, a hundred of them written to his first wife, Mackie, and returned by her after their divorce. "Well, I have been reading them," he writes, "and enjoyed it *very* much, I have to confess. There are some terribly funny parts, and some rather well-written ones. I was struck with how (relatively) cheerful and determined I managed to stay, at least in the letters. Sometimes I'd be amused at what the letters didn't say." One has the sense indeed that a lot has been left out, and much made determinedly cheerful. The letters to his mother have been lost, those to his best friend, Peter Taylor, withheld. They may have shown a different side of Jarrell, but I doubt it. Except in his poems (and there in a fictive guise) he was not very forthcoming about his emotional life, nor did he have any of the bad habits that make for an interesting letter writer. He was unsocial, prissy, withdrawn, alternately haughty and silly—which is to say, extremely shy. He could not bear small talk, low gossip, or vulgarity, and was bored with the Literary Life. He did not like to travel, preferred the company of cats, cultivated a dull routine: his idea of bliss was to sit with a milkshake and read *The Wind in the Willows*. There was more than a little of Charles Dodgson in his character. And maybe some of Alice herself. His poem "A Girl in a Library" remains his best ironic self-portrait as "an object among dreams."

When he wrote a letter for publication, on the other hand, he was suddenly brilliant. Perhaps it could be said that he wrote well only when he was in love. In print, or on the podium, he was in love with himself, with his own powers of quickening sympathy and withering contempt. And in his private letters he is best when he is in love with a young woman or an older man. Edmund Wilson said Jarrell was "essentially an adolescent," and he seemed to crave, for his closest relationships, parents he could fawn on (Wilson was one, along with John Crowe Ransom and Allen Tate), rivals to buck against, or women to preen before. Far too much space in this book is taken up with letters to his two wives (to his first while he was in the Army, and to his second while courting her) and to Elisabeth Eisler, a young Austrian woman with whom he was infatuated. Women brought out the best in him—his poems—and he had a great deal of the right kind of understanding of them; he himself said that he had a "semifeminine mind." But they also brought out the worst—a

J.D. McClatchy teaches at Princeton University. His new collection of poems, Stars Principal, *will be published early next year by Macmillan.*

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cloying, sentimental tone that pervades his love letters and results in a kind of romantic twaddle. It does not make Jarrell look like a fool, it merely makes him look like the rest of us. A letter to Lowell criticizing Delmore Schwartz might as well be describing himself: "some queer segmentation of his personal being into an objective part with taste and another part with nothing but adolescent self-absorption."

The book falls roughly into four parts, or periods of Jarrell's life. The first, from the mid-1930s until the war, contains the letters of a young writer eager for a career and not above some flattering to promote it. His marriage and the publication of his first book gave him confidence, even the self-confidence to be patronizing. From the start he has a true wit's way of turning fate into a phrase, as when in 1939 he writes, "I felt quite funny when Freud died, it was like having a continent disappear." During the war he was stationed at Air Force bases in Texas and his letters to his wife show a desperate boredom. Except when he mentions his reading and writing, they are as tedious as his duties were.

It is the next section, covering the five-year period after the war, that is the heart of the book. Jarrell was then at his liveliest, writing his best poems, busy as literary editor of *The Nation*, recognized and powerful as a critic. His letters to Robert Lowell at this time are extraordinary and suggest why Lowell later said of Jarrell that he made others

> feel that their realizing themselves was as close to him as his own self-realization, and that he cared as much about making the nature and goodness of someone else's work understood as he cared about making his own understood.

Lowell was then writing the poems that came to be *Lord Weary's Castle*, and not since Pound functioned as Eliot's ideal reader and blue-penciler has a poet been so well served. Jarrell's letters are a constant and buoyant source of what any writer most needs: praise ("they are some of the best poems anybody has written in our time, and are sure to be read for hundreds of years") and useful advice ("the last stanza is good but you could use that somewhere else. It's too mannered a poem, both form and content. All this might be wrong, but I'm sure this isn't"). No doubt he was such a perceptive critic of Lowell's poems because he sensed their similarity to his own; as he said, their work shared "the same core of sorrow and horror."

About his own poems he has little to say, and again that may be an effect of his instinctive, self-protective shyness, his difficulty with intimacy. His reticence is a great disappointment. Another is the second half of the book, most of it what he called his "very scrappy, spotty, low-pressure" letters to his friends, and gushy domestic rambles to Mary Jarrell. These are the years of his teaching in North Carolina—a profession he loved and claimed was "the next thing to hereditary wealth." A sedentary life, it depended on books and visitors: "Elizabeth Bishop left last night—nice, but unhappy and not knowing what to do with her life. She left a typewriter, a large box of Eskimo baskets and sculpture (she'd been in Labrador) and a sweater—I look in corners occasionally, for *her*." Of books and music he has rousing opinions: "The trouble with the *Kindertotenlieder* is that it sounds as if those children had always been dead; and it's enough like *Das Lied von der Erde* to make you think the children must have been half-Chinese." And about writers he is best when waspish: "Auden certainly is becoming a sit-by-the-fire-do-my-embroidery and to-hell-with-the-muse poet, isn't he?" Or this: "I wish all the San Francisco poets would eat all the University poets and burst, so that Nature, abhorring a vacuum, would send one plain poet or cat or rat to take their place."

If he has little to say about his own poems, we do learn what a lot of trouble his novel, and his publishers, gave him. And his uncompleted projects, hashed out in these letters, are as intriguing as anything he finished. We learn that he had signed a contract to write a book about Hart Crane for the "American Men of Letters" series. He took notes for a study of T.S. Eliot's work, never written. He planned to edit an anthology of modern poetry with Lowell. And he wanted to write a play, but "it's rather like joining some church—I need to believe in plots first."

Toward the end of his life he was less interested in literature itself than in the culture of which it is part. But all along he had felt that the best poems "seem life first and poetry second." It is precisely those connections and priorities that enriched his poetry and steadied his criticism. In 1957, he wrote to Bishop:

> Your poems seem really about real life and to have as much of what's nice and beautiful and loving about the world as the world lets them have. I've got quite to like your poems better than Marianne Moore's as much as I do like hers—but life beats art, so to speak, and sense beats eccentricity, and the way things really are beats the most beautiful unreal visions, half-truths, one can fix up by leaving out and indulging oneself.

More's the pity, then, to see this clear-eyed man sink into a clinical melancholia which dimmed his powers and enthusiasms. Mary Jarrell's account of the last year of the poet's life is disheartening. He didn't seem to have the strength to fight his bouts of mental illness. "It was so queer," he told his wife, "as if the fairies had stolen me away and left a log in my place." He may have sensed his own sinister depths years before he finally succumbed to them. I come back to his description of his poems, of their "core of sorrow and horror." If that was at any time what he saw when he took the measure of his own mind, we are not permitted a look at it in these letters. Certainly it seems to account for his having backed away so violently from Lowell's manic episodes: fear, not fastidiousness, drove him. In any event the stunned and suicidal poet is not the image we take away from this book, however diminished the man may seem by our disapppointment with his letters. The man as he emerges here writing to Berryman and Moore, to Bishop, Hannah Arendt, Adrienne Rich, and above all to his friend Robert Lowell, is the one we remember. And that man is the wise child. □

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The Heavy Bear

MARIA MARGARONIS

LETTERS OF DELMORE SCHWARTZ. *Selected and Edited by Robert Phillips. Ontario Review Press. 384 pp. $24.95.*

Few people read Delmore Schwartz anymore, except for a handful of anthologized poems and the story that made him famous at 24, "In Dreams Begin Responsibilities." He is celebrated mostly for his life, which has been chronicled and mythologized in Saul Bellow's novel *Humboldt's Gift* and in James Atlas's biography, *Delmore Schwartz: The Life of an American Poet*. In those books, and in the memoirs published by several of his friends, Schwartz appears as an American version of Keats or Rimbaud, his early genius swallowed up not by death but by a long, difficult decline into poverty, madness and rage. His history has become anecdotal evidence for the cliché that American writers' lives have no second acts.

Many of Schwartz's poems seem dated now, in part because of their rhetorical good manners and existential preoccupations but also because they are unabashedly poems of ideas. Schwartz wrote urgently about the divisions between soul and body, mind and heart, determinism and free will; with a practical and democratic sense of philosophy, he welcomed the ghosts of Freud, Marx, Aristotle and Socrates into his verse to put their points of view. He loved the dialogue form and the image of the theater or movie house, where the self's quarrels with history could be played out as if on the wall of Plato's cave. Even in his most abstract poems, thought has an immediate and personal quality. The problems under scrutiny seem to be the cruxes of his own life, and the terrain of philosophical speculation often becomes a familiar urban landscape:

> Whence, if ever, shall come the actuality
> Of a voice speaking the mind's knowing,
> The sunlight bright on the green windowshade,
> And the self articulate, affectionate, and flowing
> ("Sonnet: O City, City")

Schwartz's exact control of tone enabled him to draw an unusually detailed map of the difficulties—emotional rather than linguistic or philosophical—of communication. He was a fluent imitator of spoken language and of other writers, sometimes too much so; his later verse, written when he was most unhappy, degenerates from time to time into cheerful parodies of Whitman. But in his earlier, more controlled work, the careful blending of poetic rhetoric and form with colloquial American speech provides a rare suppleness. The poems can be at the same time tactful and clumsy, graceful and awkward; they can sidle around the edge of adolescent solemnity or balance between irony and innocence in a way that pre-empts embarrassment and protects even slightly mawkish phrases from sentimentality:

> The heavy bear who goes with me,
> A manifold honey to smear his face,
> Clumsy and lumbering here and there,
> The central ton of every place
> ("The Heavy Bear Who Goes With Me")

If Schwartz reached in his poems for the clarity of philosophical truth outside the cave, it was the ordinary images projected on the movie screen in the dark that most compelled him. His stories, generally about lower-middle-class Jewish families like his own or about the lives of ambitious young intellectuals during the Depression, explore the origins of his many-layered, elaborately constructed voice. With compassion, humor and pain, they chart the precarious migration from greenhorn son to American mandarin and its attendant guilts and self-doubts. They are far more harrowing than the poems, and they have lasted better because they are less defended. They look unflinchingly at disappointments and delusions, at the permanent, unsurprising burden of family history, without embellishment or gestures of transcendence. Plato never comes to the rescue; truth is not beauty here but ordinary unhappiness.

Schwartz was a compulsive writer. Words came to him in euphonious chains, and he often seems to have invented himself on paper, producing reams of unpublished autobiographical material. His copious correspondence was a part of that process, and also of his careful, dedicated work as a poet and literary critic. The letters show a rich sense of the pleasures of language and of its many uses—for thought, polemic or play, and as a conduit for friendship and affection. The voice in them is easy and refined; the subjects are usually poetry and culture, anecdotes, jokes or gossip about friends. Although Schwartz's famous depressions are increasingly in evidence as the years go by, the wild and woolly literary lion is generally matched by his keeper: the serious, professional poet trying hard to live fully in his time.

In the late 1930s and 1940s, when most of these letters were written, Schwartz was a literary star, very much an insider. Much of his correspondence during those years is concerned with editorial politicking: "One owes it to literature to be virtually Machiavellian for the sake of good writers." Schwartz schemed endlessly about his own career, suggesting reviewers for his books and providing his publisher with enthusiastic jacket copy, but he schemed, too, on behalf of his friends. Some of the most touching letters describe his efforts to get John Berryman's poems published or to find him a job. His concern for the less well-known poet is almost motherly: "Being improvident, he sometimes spends all his money and then tries to feed himself on chocolate bars, until the 1st of the month. Gertrude and I do what we can when we know what is going on, but usually we don't."

Schwartz was an intelligent and uncompetitive reader of his friends' work and could express criticism so sympathetically that it reads like praise. In one of his many letters to R.P. Blackmur, he kindly diagnoses the critic's poetic difficulty: "I think maybe it is that helpless strength of yours, that overwhelming consciousness of the possibilities of meaning of single words, which if it continues will make you end up like Samson dragging the temple of the whole English language down on your head."

Of his own work, Schwartz writes sometimes with ecstatic conceit, sometimes with blocked despair, especially in the letters about his long, unsuccessful autobiographical poem, "Genesis." He was usually brimming with plans and projects ("I'd like very much to write ballet scenarios for [Lincoln] Kirstein, and have two ideas, one involving comic-strip motifs, the other a baseball game") and his energy seems to have

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been a constant threat to his self-discipline. But precision in writing and thought were very important to him, and he maintained an exacting commitment to craft. In a 1939 letter to Allen Tate about Blackmur's review of *In Dreams Begin Responsibilities*, he wonders "what Blackmur can conceivably mean when he speaks of my spontaneity." To Berryman he explains, "The artifice of spontaneity does exist in the book . . . as a dramatic means; but the *artifice* of spontaneity is the opposite of spontaneity." A couple of days later, with characteristic tenacity, he questions Blackmur himself: "After considerable hesitation, I've decided to trouble you about your review of my book. . . . to ask you to mention the parts which you found corrupted by extended spontaneity."

Schwartz was an agile polemicist and used his philosophical training as a sharp weapon (sometimes sharp enough to split hairs) in his many literary disputes. In mid-century New York, the intellectual elitism of Eliot and Pound operated alongside socialist politics; the cutting edge in literary criticism was the close textual analysis of the conservative Southern Agrarians, and the political avant-garde was represented by the Trotskyist sympathies of *Partisan Review*. Schwartz negotiated his own path among these tendencies, keeping up a vigorous correspondence with Tate as well as with Dwight Macdonald, whom he often chastised for making "a profession of against-ness." It is in reading the letters to Macdonald that one most regrets hearing only half the conversation. They sketch a passionate friendship riddled with quarrels that reach deep into the political culture, and it is especially frustrating not to have Macdonald's reply to Schwartz's irritation at his departure from *Partisan Review*, or his criticisms (apparently ruthless) of "Genesis."

If Schwartz complained about Macdonald's contrary moralism, he also took issue with the New Critics over their exclusive concern with style. In 1938 he wrote to Tate: "It seems to me that if you analyze what we mean by technique, craft, and style in the concrete . . . they are inseparable, in a certain way, from the beliefs and values of the poet." But in the case of Ezra Pound, Schwartz cleanly cut the knot between poetry and politics. In his first, show-offy letter to the master, he turns verbal somersaults to attract attention:

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"One reason, in fact, that I studied Greek was your translation of the *Odyssey*—if Homer was like that, I wanted to read all of him. I found out that he was not really like that and as a matter of fact even better." But this is followed, a year later, by a letter of resignation:

> I have been reading your last book, *Culture*. Here I find numerous remarks about the Semite or Jewish race, all of them damning. . . . Without ceasing to distinguish between your past activity and present irrationality, I should like you to consider this letter as a resignation: I want to resign as one of your most studious and faithful admirers.

In 1945, when Pound was on trial for wartime treason and other literary figures rushed to his defense, Schwartz continued to distinguish between poetic talent and morality: "If he is attacked as a poet, then we will certainly defend him. . . . But . . . no one's actions can be defended on the ground that he is a great poet, as he is."

Schwartz criticizes his own actions in the letters, too, but in a characteristically ironic, evasive way, as in this rhyme, sent to Blackmur in 1943, about his own wife and Berryman's:

> All poet's wives have rotten lives,
> Their husbands look at them like knives
> (Poor Gertrude! poor Eileen!)
> Exactitude their livelihood
> And rhyme their only gratitude,
> Knife-throwers all, in vaudeville,
> They use their wives to prove their will—

Both Gertrude and Schwartz's second wife, Elizabeth Pollet, suffered bitterly at his hands, and one could see callousness here. Yet the poem also shows Schwartz's capacity for making cruel fun of his faults: the humor does not imply indifference but guilt and pain. Schwartz seems to have lived with his driving superego and terrible depressions by trying to outsmart them or charm them away with words. The letters have an astonishing array of vivid phrases to describe misery: "Doubtless you have seen a big German police dog or some strong dog trembling on a streetcar, terrified by every clang, hiss and skid; so it has been with me." The prose flashes with darkness until the more ominous silence of the 1960s sets in, broken by abjectly polite business letters and sheepish requests for loans or apologies for unpaid bills.

But just as often, or more so, the letters flash with humor—anecdotes about Schwartz's students at Harvard, his friends' children and his cat Oranges, jokes about writers (he liked to refer to Eliot's "East Coca Cola") and extempore digressions. Many of the best jokes are about himself: "I have decided not to be a bank clerk, since I would probably be paralyzed by the conflict between my desire to steal money and my fear of doing so." At the great American art of the one-liner, Schwartz was a master. It was he, after all, who said, "Even a paranoid has enemies."

The most personal and moving letters here are those Schwartz wrote to Gertrude in the months after she left him. They are simple, lonely, romantic and full of the domestic details of affection:

> After you left, I went to buy a pair of shoes, to distract myself, and to the doctor. . . . This house is full of your style and idiom, in the curtains drawn back each morning, and in the arrangement of the dishes.

For all their virtuosity, reading these letters occasionally seems an intrusion. Schwartz's life has been thoroughly scrutinized, rehashed, packaged and promoted; although he lived out much of it in public, he was an intensely private person, protecting himself with elaborate verbal and emotional strategies. To his friend and publisher James Laughlin he once wrote, "My only desire, as you indicate, is to be a late Shakespearian fool." His letters, more than all the memoirs and biographies, show that he was exactly that: a man whose feeling revealed itself most fully in play, evasiveness and poetry. □

String of Pearls

EVAN EISENBERG

RHYTHM-A-NING: Jazz Tradition and Innovation in the '80s. *By Gary Giddins. Oxford University Press. 291 pp. $17.95.*

A few years ago I happened on a jazz and blues symposium involving Gary Giddins, Robert Palmer and Samuel Charters at which a young black in the audience stood up to decry the absence of black panelists, asking what right these three white men had to talk about black music. Responding, Giddins agreed that the lack of black panelists was a lack. He then observed that, although Jewish, he was not an authority on the Talmud, and that if his challenger were to spend his life studying the Talmud, he would be far better qualified to talk about it than Giddins.

Riding on a Blue Note, Giddins's first collection of essays, probed this problem obliquely. Giddins wrote of "something private and wounded" in the sounds of white jazzmen like Jack Teagarden and Art Pepper. He described the tradition of minstrelsy running from Al Jolson to Elvis Presley, "the key with which some of our more intelligent white performers unlocked the doors to their own individualities."

From the other side, he wrote feelingly about the adventures of Duke Ellington and Cecil Taylor in the alien worlds of symphony and ballet. Giddins is good on this problem of riding, as it were, the blue notes—the trapezes between cultural zones. In his new book he takes it up in an essay on Jackie Wilson—"Jolson's Greatest Heir"—but for the most part the problem seems to have been laid to rest. And Giddins has solved the problem of how to write about jazz: how a nice Jewish boy should do it, how anyone should do it. *Rhythm-a-ning* (the title is that of a tune by Thelonious Monk) is dedicated to Alice and Leo Giddins, "who recognized the compatibility of the Biblical and Constitutional Decalogues, and raised their children accordingly." To that harmony, Giddins has added the flatted fifth.

The way to write about jazz, Giddins has discovered, is to write less about the myths and more about the music. His technical equipment—his ear for rhythm and harmony, his huge internal fake book—seems to get more precise each year. This means that in addition to impressionism, which he is good at, he gives us clarity. We get the bold colors and the X-ray, too. It also means that he can make excellent sense of Arthur Blythe, David Murray, Jaki Byard, James Blood Ulmer, the World Saxophone Quartet and other intriguing presences; that he can cast new light

Evan Eisenberg's book, The Recording Angel: Aspects of Phonography, *will be published in the fall by McGraw-Hill.*

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on figures like Roy Eldridge, Lester Young, Sarah Vaughan and Big Joe Turner; and that he can make a persuasive case for the main thesis of his book, namely that jazz has entered a period of "eclectic neoclassicism."

"Musicians weaned on the free jazz of the '60s," he writes, "now sift '20s' classicism, '30s' swing, '40s' bop, and '50s' soul for repertoire and expressive wisdom. They are, in effect, going home again." There has been a resurgence of "swing, melody, and beauty," of "virtuosity, wit, and structure." This would seem to add up to a resurgence in jazz, but Giddins is unsure. After five years and two hundred pages of patient genealogy, he suddenly explodes:

> What if it never gets any better? What if we've simply run out of geniuses? What if all we've got to look forward to in these final hours before Reagan hits the bunkers is more hash and rehash, cut and paste, review and revise? Neoclassical post-modernist eclecticism, or whatever's been going on for the last 10 years, has its moments, no doubt about it. But we're long overdue for the leather-stocking genius—poet, dramatist, musician, whatever—who can lead us out of the morass, force us to abandon the scissors and glue, the special effects.

Because Giddins sees the present trend as a reaction to the anarchy of free jazz, he is waiting for the pendulum to swing back. Perhaps, though, the pendulum is going to take longer this time, because the air is thicker. Thanks to record players and elevators, there is now so much music in the air, of so many times and places, that one can hardly hear oneself think. Each musical language is reduced to a phrase or two: Schönberg's language can express only anxiety, Mozart's only old-world grace, Bird's only insouciance, Ellington's only sentimentality. Soon our best musicians find that for all their huge vocabulary they cannot speak, they can only quote. Miles Davis once said (Giddins would know the exact words) that things have got so slick, a player can sum up the history of music in a phrase. Now, what does he do for an encore?

Giddins is waiting for the one who will bring not scissors and glue but a sword. But records, the things jazz musicians create and are created by, have something of a scissors-and-glue esthetic. Giddins is hostile toward studio technique (this is one reason he gives fusion even less consideration than it deserves), but I think he would admit that some of his own heroes have been masters of the nontechnological montage: Jelly Roll Morton, Duke Ellington, Charlie Mingus, geniuses all, but—like Stravinsky and Weill—sometimes sweetly redolent of glue.

The question, finally, is whether a musician's voice has the authority to make all questions of accent and origin irrelevant. Can he make the music he draws on his own, and consequently everyone's? Can he make it music, just plain music? Can he make the trapeze feel like solid ground? In a way, it's the symposium question all over again.

On balance, Giddins does consider the condition of jazz a healthy one. And on the basis of experiments with a college class, he considers neoclassical jazz more likely to impress a popular audience than either free jazz or bop—if only the "media blackout" on jazz can be pierced. I am not so sure. The pleasures of neoclassicism are partly archival, partly formal, and largely inaccessible to people who have not been primed with the classics. Still, if anyone is going to make them listen, Giddins is the man. Many listeners have, I suspect, been led to jazz by his sure hand; I know of a few such cases myself. The reason is that he is a patriot of jazz, not a jingoist. He welcomes visitors and never allows his vast local knowledge to shut them out. Giddins writes about jazz as music, and he gives anyone who loves music a little pang in the interior of the belly which can only be interpreted as a hunger for jazz.

Giddins is one of the very few critics (John Updike is another) on whose say-so I would go out and spend money. His prose has an openness that tells you he is listening, not constructing; that he does not follow the critical practice B.H. Haggin described as "writing about the ideas in one's head instead of the musical facts presented to one's ears." It's not that I always hear in a piece of music what he says he hears, but that I know he does, and I think that is rare in a critic. In fact, he is so good that one bridles only a little when Martin Williams calls him "probably the most impressive journalist ever to have written about music." "Journalist" may have a left-handed function here, excluding working musicians like Berlioz, Debussy, Gould, Thomson and Schuller and scholars like Tovey, Mellers and, I suppose, Williams himself. But "journalist" would let in Shaw, Mencken and Huneker (a favorite of Giddins's, whom he occasionally overwrites like). I am afraid the deaf stockbroker who read Shaw would not read Giddins, Giddins being less prodigal with human insight and invective. Since he rarely chooses to write about what he despises, he is rarely as funny as he can be—as he is, for example, in a review of Linda Ronstadt's *What's New*:

> The result is corny, presumptuous, and perfunctory. (Are you listening, Sammy Cahn? "You're corny, presumptuous, and perfunctory/you make these songs sound like bunk t'me." No charge.)

Speaking of invective, this collection is especially useful for those of us who would like to follow Giddins week by week but find that reading *The Village Voice* impairs the quality of our lives. Giddins claims to "marvel at the

SEPARATE HOUSES

for my sister

After I saw my children truly ill,
I had no need to dream that they were ill.
The mind is driven
to what it doesn't know.

What does it mean to have a common past?
For months before our mother died,
you were the nurse and keeper,
the mother, the worrier—

You can see her death
as a form of kindness;
I must imagine all of it, dream it
like a missed train, the poison vial
found empty,
and I call her back, I call her back.

Ellen Bryant Voigt

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scrutiny" of Robert Christgau, music editor of *The Voice*; I marvel at that. My impression is that Christgau tests prospective critics by asking them to rank a new album in terms of (1) ethnic exoticism, (2) dialectical correctness, (3) obscurity of mass-cultural influences, (4) so-bad-it's-good-ness and (5) usefulness for sex, dancing and cleaning house, and if they give all the right answers he lets them hear the album. (No, I have not applied.) *The Voice* convinces one, despite the extraordinary number of geniuses described in its pages, that we will never escape from eclecticism, never find solid ground, never get off the trapeze. In that dizzy atmosphere, Giddins helps one keep a sense of balance. □

DANCE.

MINDY ALOFF

Merce Cunningham Dance Company
Karole Armitage

As a student at Vassar, Elizabeth Bishop wrote an essay in which she explained how to construct a metaphor. She compared the process to taking a bead on a row of ducks in a shooting gallery. Just as a marksman should aim a little ahead of the moving figure to account for the intervals of time and space that the bullet must travel, so a poet must aim his language ahead of his meaning at the moment, because at the next moment (or phrase) that meaning will have changed. For Bishop, meaning was not static explanation or paraphrase of poetic langage but a continuously altered and altering motivation to write—a river into whose waters one cannot step twice. Her idea is embodied in the work of John Ashbery, where the facts of the text, the arrangement of words on the page, tell only half the story. One must also look to the ebb and flow of rhythm that links disparate thoughts, to the overlapping patterns of rhetoric and imagery. The text and the shadow text together constitute the poem.

As I watched the Merce Cunningham Dance Company during its annual spring season at City Center in March, I thought about how Cunningham's work shares much of what engages me in John Ashbery's poems. His dances, built partly from chance procedures, sensitize one to the same split between a realm of facts (steps) and one of shadows (rhythm), mysteriously connected but nowhere parallel. In general, there is less dis-ease in Cunningham's universe than in Ashbery's, and less vulnerability. When Cunningham's classical temper becomes unbalanced, it is an occasion for drama but not despair. He doesn't regard doubleness as a sign of duplicity (as Martha Graham does) or of tragedy (as in *Swan Lake*) or of secondary rank (only soloists, not ballerinas, are doubled in Balanchine). For Cunningham, doubleness is a given, like the mode of a certain piece of music. And it is not simply a matter of structure—a preference for duets or an interest in comparing the disciples with the master. It is a way of thinking about rhythm and order, overlapping patterns in space and time—a way of training one's sights ahead while keeping an eye on the duck.

Doubles, for many Cunningham devotees the most fertile of the works new to New York, derives its title from the casting. On one evening, the dance is performed by one group of three men and four women, on the next by an almost entirely different group. To see the dance fully, one must see both casts, for they project subtly but discernibly different qualities. The idea of multiple casting is familiar; this spring American Ballet Theatre is fielding four or five casts of principals for the New York debut of *Romeo and Juliet*. It's a way to give everyone in the company a chance to be part of a new piece. But in Cunningham, it's also a way of making connections—a kind of metaphor.

The City Center season brought another New York premiere, *Phrases*, which pits a massed group against small cells, and a world premiere, *Native Green*, based on duets. A more subtle instance of double vision could be seen in *Quartet*, still a hit after several seasons. *Quartet* is a dance for five, but two women are paired for much of the time, one shadowing the other, so that the five people on stage constitute four units. This is the subliminal quartet, the primary one being the four younger dancers, who are set against the aging Cunningham himself.

To see Bishop's metaphor-making in action, I recommend the woman's solo that opens *Doubles*, a piece of choreography as pure as a Scarlatti sonata and a perfect example of how doubling can be built into a sequence of steps. Catherine Kerr (or Patricia Lent in the alternating cast) lifts and lowers an arm. Then she lifts a leg in retiré. Then an arm. Then both at once, overlaying the movements to make a configuration that they've already suggested in series. From here, the dance develops outward from the body: a side extension of the leg, to an extension of the arm and leg together in arabesque, to an extension of the leg with both arms behind the back, to a jump that shifts weight to the other leg. The solo, performed at a moderate pace, is a fine vehicle for displaying Kerr's sumptuously arched feet and powerful thighs, Lent's finicky and unpredictable timing. In its slow and constant overlapping of physical levels and changes of direction, the choreography is also an étude in superimposed perceptions, a flight into depth. It was probably just coincidence that Takehisa Kosugi's score, *Spacings*, featured bird sounds for that section.

Karole Armitage, one of the most interesting dancers in the world, appears to be transforming herself from a fantastical, disordered choreographer to a fantastical, disciplined one. In France she is known as the Punk Princess, although she has disavowed an exclusively punk orientation. She's of middling height (though she dances so big she seems tall), with a Marine's crew cut, no hips that anyone could point a finger at and legs so long, shapely and intelligent that each one probably has its own name and Social Security number. She also possesses feet that are highly arched and strong, a most unfair combination considering all her other endowments. Her face can be as inexpressive as Clint Eastwood's, and sometimes she lets her mouth go a little slack, as if she had a Gauloise stuck to the lower lip. But she can also register a host of nuanced expressions, most of them ironic. Of course, at an Armitage concert the subject is legs. Even when she was the star dancer with the Merce Cunningham company, she had only to take a step for several thousand spectators to know whom they were watching.

Armitage comes from a ballet background; she started dancing professionally with the Geneva Ballet Company when it maintained strong links with George Balanchine, and she has the nerve and improvisatory splendor of

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This spring, Armitage and Joseph Lennon, also formerly of the Cunningham company, gave a fifty-minute program of duets, all choreographed by Armitage, at Dance Theater Workshop. The title (attention M.I.T. grads) was $-P = \frac{dH}{dq}$, a physics equation having to do with decreasing momentum and rates of change. Armitage used the theater's space with aggression, and for Lennon she devised some soft, downward-thrusting allegro combinations, his specialty.

Each of the eight or so pas de deux featured a physical puzzle about transference of weight or transformation of posture which read as a constant exchange of power—a sexual negotiation stated in terms of the warped, swollen, collapsed and otherwise brilliantly exploited steps from the classic vocabulary which Armitage so enjoys. Sometimes the combat was gladiatorial, at other times the conjunction was unearthly, a thing of trailing veils along a shaft of light. Armitage flashed through the shadows like a needle through gabardine, in one death-defying feat after another. Much of it she performed on point, on an edge of the blocked toe, giving her a zany balance. Some of it she danced spectacularly in stiletto heels at least six inches high—point work with a difference. And one entrance Armitage and Lennon made on protractor-shaped stilts.

The dancing had flamboyant glamour, but it also had a cohesion and structural plotting that was new to me. Sometimes the flamboyance was heightened by acting, but in the main it was a product of technical risk. At one moment, Armitage jumped to flat-footed fondu (bend of the knee) from a full-point balance, then back up to point again, which gave her the look of a stork that first broke its leg, then magically healed. When Lennon "lifted" her, she did 90 percent of the work, jumping into the air first, so that his assistance merely prolonged what she had initiated. Once, she landed in a fondu position and held the pose with as much aplomb as if she were barefoot—

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this in high heels. Her work is still rough; its ideas about the drama implicit in the pas de deux form peter out halfway through. But the daredevilry, the profusion of dance images and the sustained irony make it worth watching more than once.

The concert was performed in collaboration with composer/percussionist David Linton (assisted by Conrad Kinard) who produced a humorous, shrewd and earsplitting score, *The Simpleton's Guide to the World's Greatest Music*, featuring a continual Chinese gong torture. The moody lighting and fabulous costumes—ranging from boxer shorts to sexy punk tails (including a pair of one-legged pants)—were by Charles Atlas. Where he found such ripe plum-colored leather shoes to match the satin evening wear I'm sure most of the audience would like to know. □

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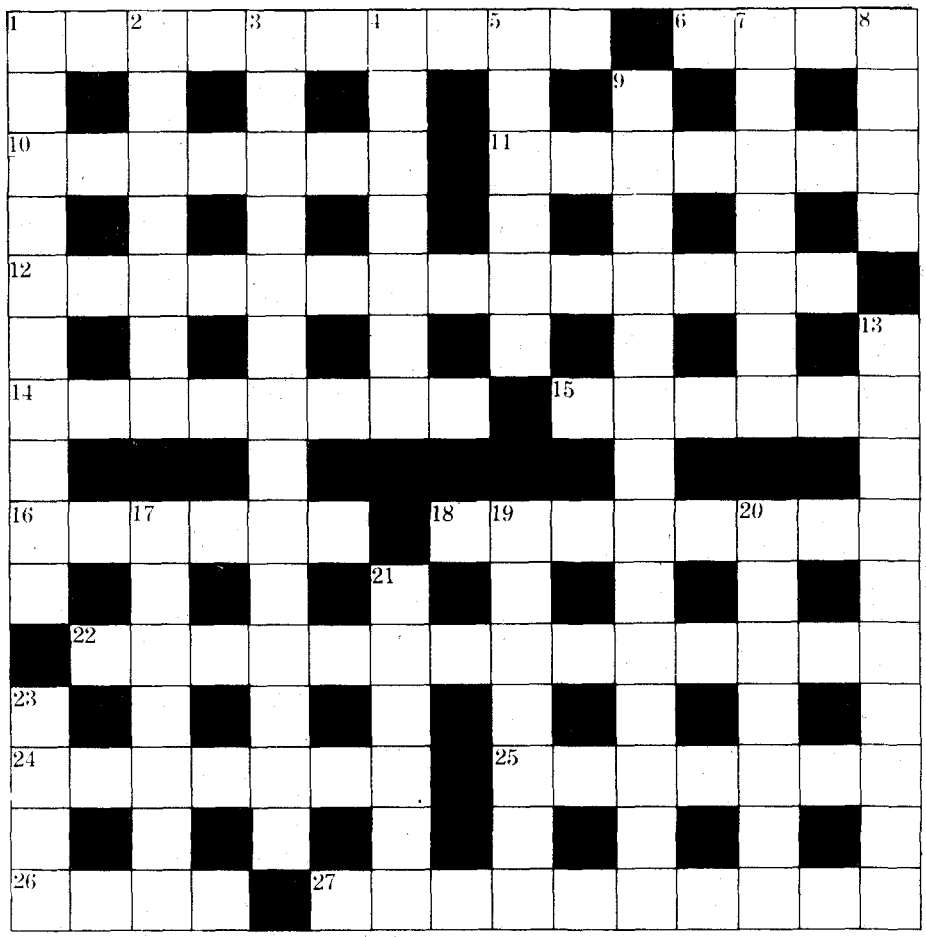
D	■	P	■	N	■	P	■	L	■	M	■	E	■	N
O	N	E	S	T	E	P	■	A	R	A	P	A	H	O
O	■	N	■	H	■	L	■	S	■	T	■	D	■	D
R	E	D	E	E	M	E	R	S	■	T	H	Y	M	E
K	■	■	■	N	■	S	■	I	■	E	■	M	■	■
N	O	F	A	I	R	■	S	C	A	R	F	A	C	E
O	■	L	■	C	■	T	■	S	■	O	■	D	■	X
B	L	A	C	K	O	U	T	■	E	F	F	E	C	T
■	■	G	■	O	■	R	■	A	■	C	■	■	■	E
J	O	S	E	F	■	G	U	N	C	O	T	T	O	N
U	■	T	■	T	■	E	■	O	■	U	■	O	■	D
S	E	A	L	I	O	N	■	D	E	R	A	N	G	E
T	■	F	■	M	■	E	■	E	■	S	■	I	■	D
■	E	F	F	E	R	V	E	S	C	E	N	C	E	■

Crossword Puzzle No. 2056

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 In small measure, you might have to fix the duration of something in the middle. (10)
6 Takes the part of wildcats? (4)
10 In no hurry to be found in the doctor's office! (7)
11 Shook—shook up—with a quieting sound in Wisconsin. (7)
12 Taking a residential census of old banks? (8,6)
14 Categorized if I get inside, or just exemplified? (8)
15 The French might be in the money, but this might take them for a ride. (6)
16 Henri Charles shows how to add a little something valuable. (6)
18 Liver perhaps associated with French Canada. (8)
22 Implying Fate took the trick? It might sound like a final warning. (3,5,2,4)
24 Extremely amazing persons? (14 strong women!) (7)
25 Bill and the soprano had better be! (7)
26 Put a little dry stuff on, or take it off? (4)
27 One might have made a little wagon to lug someone like Orville. (10)

DOWN

1 Functions and potentials of volumes, putting the lid on a big town's makeup. (10)
2 One such is better than a spade, if in the position where 22 is lost. (2,5)
3 and 23 down This might describe you, if someone asks for it. (14,4)
4 An understanding of teen trouble, when about 10. (7)
5 He cops out—perhaps it's just the times. (6)
7 An arrangement for chorale, suggesting a plagal sound. (7)
8 A place in London or New York, also Hoboken has it. (4)
9 Feet arrive much in disorder—in great disorder! (9,5)
13 The type not served in a teapot on the stage—met up with the pesky nuisance around it! (3,7)
17 Proving there's a way, as one puts the kettle on the stove again. (7)
19 A very quiet beginning turns into this, set apart. (7)
20 It's a sorta grind, about nothing but giving lots of affection. (7)
21 It looks like it identifies itself with three Cs and a P. (6)
23 See 3 down

SEE LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION AT LEFT

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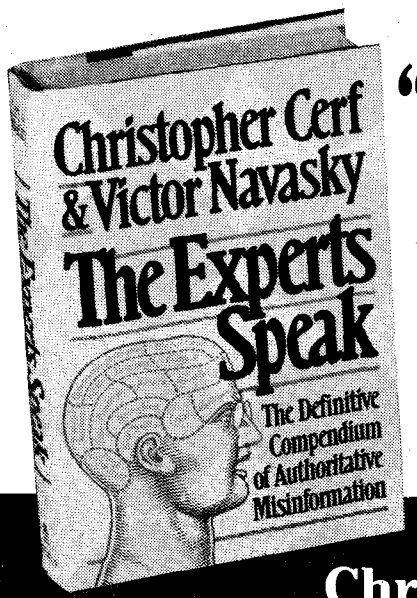

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—Ronald Reagan, governor of California, 1973

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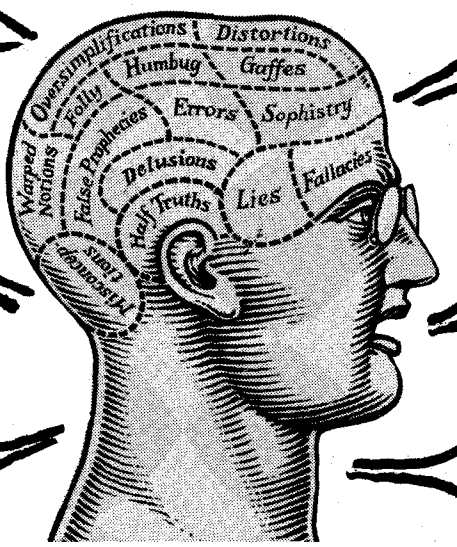
"They couldn't hit an elephant at this dist—"
—Last words of General John Sedgwick, battle of Spotsylvania (1864)



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